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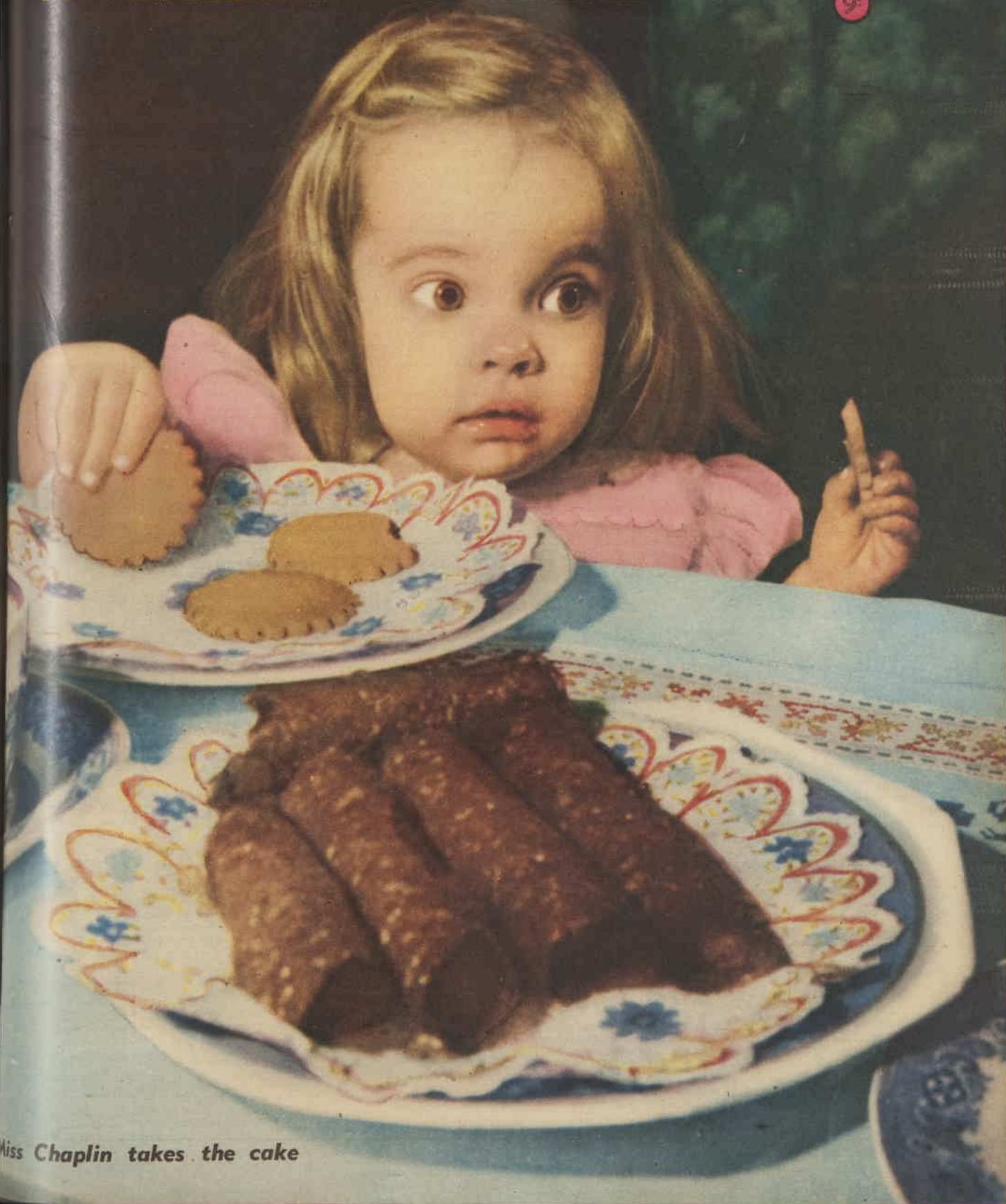
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 26, 1952

PRICE



Miss Chaplin takes the cake

IT WAS A southern-style wedding when Miss Valma Tait married Peter Merrett of East Kew, Victoria. The lovely blue-eyed bride wore traditional bridal white — splendid praise for her soft brown hair, her clear glowing Pears complexion.



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This is the life-story of a lovable woman and also of one section of American life from the turn of the century to the present day.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

November 26, 1952

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MORE COMFORTS FOR PATIENTS

SPEAKERS at the recent annual conference of N.S.W. Hospital Administrators brought forward a number of ideas for making life easier for patients.

Among these was a suggestion by the Chairman of the N.S.W. Hospitals Commission, Dr. Lilley, that there should be separate wards for post-operative cases.

The General Superintendent of Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Dr. H. Selle, placed a good deal of emphasis on the value of quiet surroundings.

He suggested that quiet areas should be established round hospitals to prevent patients being upset by noise.

Some of the suggestions made by these doctors may seem unimportant singly, but together they represent the new attitude to sick people.

A time must come for many patients in hospitals when they feel they would forgo efficient nursing and antiseptic surroundings for half an hour of peace and quiet.

Medical men are now inclined to support this attitude.

The present state of public finances has caused work on many hospital projects to slow down or stop.

But there are a lot of little things which could be done in hospitals to make the patients more comfortable and confident and at the same time increase the efficiency and reputation of the hospital.

When you are sick, it's often the little things that count most.

Our cover:

● Victoria, the 16-months-old daughter of Charlie Chaplin, wears a guilty look as she takes a biscuit at a tea-party in London during her father's triumphant visit there. With Miss Victoria at the party was her sister Josephine, her senior by 20 months.

This week:

● Rob Murray, the Australian comedy juggler who did his act before the Queen at the recent Royal Command Variety Performance at the London Palladium (story on page 4), has been offered a long contract and a high salary to return here during the Queen's projected tour in 1954. On the night Rob made his debut before Royalty, his infant daughter, Elaine, was nursed by the Palladium stage-door keeper while Mrs. Murray watched the act from "out front."

Next week:

● There is no way to put a stop to Christmas — fortunately. We are among those who believe that tinsel, bright lights, party clothes, and special fare are part of the outward show of what most people feel inside themselves about Christmas, and that these things should not be abolished, but fostered. (See also Charles Dickens on this subject.) Anyhow, in our next issue we have several features, all in color, to help you the better to celebrate the coming festival. We have photographs of dinner tables decorated by a number of well-known women such as Mrs. Arthur Rymill, the Lady Mayoress of Adelaide; Mrs. Pete Jarman, wife of the U.S. Ambassador to Australia; and actress Evie Hayes. Then we have a spread of Christmas party frock fashions by Rene, while Joan Martin's page is dedicated to the proposition that it is hardly any trouble, and quite inexpensive, to decorate your home in readiness for the Great Day. The cookery feature, to help busy-mothers, is full of ideas on how to prepare a Christmas buffet.

Evelyn Waugh's comedy of the British army

Book review by
HELEN FRIZELL.

IN "Men at Arms," satirist Evelyn Waugh marches over the well-trodden parade ground of army humor and holds up for inspection some of the officers and other ranks who served with the British Army in 1940.

Waugh, says the blurb of the book jacket, "hopes to complete a trilogy of novels, each complete in itself, recounting the phases of a long love affair, full of vicissitudes, between a civilian and the Army."

Those who have thankfully finished their "love affair" with the Services or who are going through them at the moment should enjoy "Men at Arms."

Sharing the enjoyment will be Waugh connoisseurs, who now measure anything he writes against "The Loved One," his macabre satire of life and death with a cemetery setting.

"Men at Arms," though 314 pages long, gives a shorter measure of subtlety and provides instead a new brand of earthy humor.

Waugh lines up a collection of military eccentrics who over-shadow the modest, self-critical hero, Guy Crouchback.

Guy is a member of an ancient English Catholic family. Even when one has finished the book it is hard to imagine what he looks like. Although Evelyn Waugh describes him as "thirty-five years old, slight and trim," he does not come to life; as do Brigadier Ritchie-Hook and Apthorpe.

Perhaps Waugh uses him as a projection of himself and his own opinions. For Waugh was a junior officer in a wartime regiment, and it is now likely that his senior officers are approaching this book with slight shudders.

Was there ever, I wonder, a prototype of Apthorpe, the man from South Africa, who carried his impedimenta from camp to camp? This is a "vast accumulation of anti-proof boxes, water-proof bundles, strangely shaped, heavily initialled tin trunks, and leather cases all bound about with straps and brass buckles."

Apthorpe is the complete know-all, always out to impress. Guy Crouchback, however, is never quite appreciative enough of Apthorpe's claims to distinction.

These are: Individually made porpoise-skin boots, a friend who is on good terms with gorillas, and a High Church aunt in Tunbridge Wells.

Equally fantastic is Brigadier Ritchie-Hook, a daredevil of World War I, ageing now but still impressively unorthodox.

The book culminates in the raid on Dakar, which took place early in the war.

The Brigadier orders Guy and his men ashore on a purposeless errand. In World War I the Brigadier had returned from expeditions with heads of his victims. In the second he sneaks ashore with Guy and gets a negro's head, which he intends to shrink and keep as a souvenir.

Guy is left holding a coconut as a memento, and the blame. He flies back to England in disgrace.

We do not know at the end whether Guy will ever return to his beautiful, wanton ex-wife, Virginia, one of two women in the story.

It is a comforting thought that there are at least two more volumes to follow before Waugh turns to peace.

"Men at Arms" is published by Chapman and Hall. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Quote:

Sir Christopher Wren Said, "I am going to dine with some men."

"If anyone calls, 'Say I am designing St. Paul's.'"

—E. C. Bentley.

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Visiting South African cricketers watch part of a charity golf match at Glenelg, South Australia. They are the team's manager, Kenneth Viljoen (standing, left), Gerald Innes, and Russell Endean (seated), with Geraldine Wise, of White Park, South Australia. Americans Jimmy Demaret and J. Turnesa took part in the match.



SOME of the South Africans rest at the practice nets. They are, left to right, back row, Russell Endean, Hughie Tayfield, and Ken Funston. In front, John Watkins and Gerald Innes. The visitors are mainly young men, the average age being 25. Gerald Innes, who is just 21, is the baby of the team.

The South African captain had something to smile about

By FRED A YOUNG, staff reporter

When tall, handsome Jack Cheetham, captain of the visiting South African cricketers, received the cabled news of the arrival of a third son, he went down to the practice nets singing.

Generally he is as tense during practice as during an actual match.

But when young Peter arrived to make the first member of what looks like the beginning of a future Test team, Jack Cheetham relaxed completely and his face wore a broad smile.

He was already thinking of the day when he would be going young Peter his first lesson on the cricket pitch at Cheetham home in Cape Town.

He was still smiling an hour later when he went out to continue his lessons from the previous day.

Before he added to his score of one he was neatly caught out, but he was still smiling.

Apart from the manager, Kenneth Viljoen, who has 17 Tests to his credit, Cheetham is the most experienced of the South Africans, whose average age is 25.

He has played in nine Tests, including the last series against Australia in South Africa.

The first Test match in the current series will be played at Brisbane from December 5 to 10.

The other Tests will be Melbourne, December 24 to 26, and on the 30th; Sydney, January 9 to 14; Adelaide, January 24 to 29; and the final Test at Melbourne, February 12.

In private life Jack Cheetham is a civil engineer in the South African railways.

Peter's brothers are five-

year-old John and three-year-old Richard.

This is the second visit to Australia for Mr. Viljoen, who played here 21 years ago with a South African Test team.

He is still playing local cricket. This is his first managership.

His greatest desire is that his team of young players should remain a happy and united group.

One of his ideas, which he put into practice soon after the team boarded the Dominion Monarch, is the "Bounce Committee."

Members of the team are really "bounced" for breaches of the committee's rules.

"Crimes" are paid for at the rate of 2/6 (the maximum) for unpunctuality, 1/6 for not going to church or not attending deck games on board ship, and 1/- for calling one another by surname instead of Christian name.

Quite a tidy sum has been netted so far and the Bounce Committee will continue to operate until the end of the tour, when a cheque will be given to a charity to be nominated.

"Appeals can be made against the committee's rulings, but they cost a lot of money," Mr. Viljoen said, laughing. "I am the appeals judge and the rest of the team is the jury, so you see they haven't much hope."

Mr. Viljoen, who has an 11-year-old son and a nine-year-

old daughter, is paymaster in the mine in which the first uranium was found in South Africa.

This discovery was made after he had been at sea four days.

Eric Norton and Anton Murray are schoolteachers. Both are married. Eric has two daughters and, Anton three.

Norton and Murray are life-long friends.

Murray took part in several parachute raids on German strongholds in Yugoslavia.

Eric is almost bald. He lost his hair during the war serving with the South African artillery at El Alamein.

Young-looking Jackie McGlew, who made the team's first century of the tour, has a couple of children back in Natal.

Russell Endean, who is a bachelor, has played hockey for South Africa as well as cricket.

Russell, who is second wicket-keeper, passed through Melbourne with his mother when he was 11 years old.

Ken Funston, who plays the piano well, is from Orange Free State. He has two children.

The youngest member of the team, Gerald Innes, came of age this month.

Gerald, whose Christian name initials are G.A.S., and who has a reputation for silence, is known to his teammates as "Gas."

The only one to leave a fiancée behind him is Hedley Keith. He is engaged to a nurse.

Roy McLean, of Natal, Mike Melle, of Transvaal, Hughie Tayfield, of Natal, Percy Mansell, of Rhodesia, Eddie Fuller, of Capetown, and Gerald Innes are all unmarried.

Roy McLean, Michael Melle, and Johnnie Waite all shared a study at Hilton College, Natal.

Melle is the champion eater

of the team. He can go through a five-course hotel menu twice at a sitting.

Johnnie Waite takes the prize for the most untidy member of the team.

Percy Mansell, who is nicknamed "the immaculate Mansell," has the reputation of being the tidiest.

The South Africans are anxious to give the Australians a good run for their money, but they are not over-optimistic about winning The Ashes.

They regard the tour of Australia more as an educational visit than anything else.

"No cricket education is complete without a tour of Australia," Mr. Viljoen said.



SOUTH AFRICAN CAPTAIN, Jack Cheetham, at the practice nets. The team's colors are green and gold. Their ties are dark green with tiny springbok heads on them.



ONE OF THE FEW COLFERS among the South African cricketers, Jackie McGlew, puts out. Jack Waite (left), Margaret Hall, and Jack Cheetham accompanied him.

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NEW BOXING CHAMPION Jimmy Carruthers and his wife Dimmy, photographed in their home at Waverley before he left for South Africa to win the world bantamweight boxing title from Vic Towel.



HAPPY WIFE. Mrs. Dimmy Carruthers, thrilled with her husband's success overseas, plays happily with her two pets, Goldy the dog and Tarzan the kitten, on the front lawn of the Carruthers' bungalow at Waverley. Mrs. Carruthers was given the pet name of "Dimmy" by her grandmother, Mrs. L. M. Thornton.

Jimmy is a model husband says Dimmy

By
AINSLIE BAKER,
staff reporter.

As well as being world bantamweight champion, Jimmy Carruthers is also a model husband, according to his 22-year-old wife, "Dimmy."

The wedding at All Saints', Woollahra, on February 12, 1950, of 20-year-old Myra "Dimmy" Hamilton, and 21-year-old former Olympic boxer Jimmy Carruthers, was a "boy next door and girl next door romance" come true.

VIVACIOUS, grey-eyed Dimmy was dressed as a bride, Jimmy wore a dark blue suit, and there were 150 guests.

Jimmy became the first Australian to win a world boxing title when he knocked out South African Vic Towel at Johannesburg on November 15.

The fight lasted only two minutes 19 seconds. Jimmy Carruthers' spectacular win earned him about £2,000—that is, about £860 a minute.

"I wasn't at all surprised at knocking Towel out," said Jimmy afterwards. "I thought I could do it. But I was so excited I jumped about six feet in the air."

"Being a world champion isn't going to change me. I'm going to live the same sort of life I've always lived."

Dimmy (short for her grandmother's pet name of Dimples), was 12 when she and the sports-mad Carruthers family of five brothers and three sisters became neighbors in the Sydney suburb of Paddington.

Jimmy, fair haired, hazel eyed, and freckled, didn't begin to rate with Dimmy until he came to her 14th birthday party.

He brought her a pair of tiny shell-covered shoes, made by the aborigines at La Perouse.

Dimmy still has them.

Even though in those days Jimmy in his boxing was showing something of the "moving in" technique that has made him Australia's first world champion, it was three to four years before he got a date.

Dimmy's father beat him to the punch every time.

But when Dimmy was considered old enough for dates, and the kids next door did begin to go out together, they settled into a steady twosome that led straight to the altar.

Life for the young Carruthers has always been "terrific fun." Now, in a two-bedroomed brick home of their own at Waverley, within ten minutes of the beach, it is better fun than ever.

But even in their first home, a balcony room in Paddington, and later in a two-room flat,

Dimmy and Jimmy managed to make their home the sort of place that all their friends wanted to share.

With so many brothers (Dimmy has two of her own), and fight-mad kids from the neighbors always around, the Carruthers' house is today a sort of unlicensed gymnasium.

Jimmy has a punching bag in the laundry under the house, and he does his road-work in a park so conveniently close that Dimmy can lean out of the kitchen window and call him to breakfast.

They maintain a kind of teenage domesticity, with Johnny Ray and Richard Tauber recordings, a six-months-old cocker spaniel, Goldy, a Persianish kitten, Tarzan, a fowl yard, and a buffalo lawn in the process of being coaxed into existence.

Always together

They swim together, dance together, go deep sea fishing together, and in the company of all the Carruthers boys and Mr. Carruthers Senior, go for weekend hikes in the Blue Mountains' lovely Blue Gum Valley.

Asked how it feels to be the wife of a world champion, Dimmy Carruthers said: "I'm very proud of him now—and I was very proud of him before."

A dressmaker's finisher before her marriage, Dimmy made the white satin trunks with yellow and gold stripe down the side, in which Jimmy won his world title.

"But Jimmy has much better taste than I have," she

said. "He always comes with me when I buy clothes. The ones I get are the ones he likes best."

Jimmy's own clothes are a sort of conservative sport. "Not drapes," Dimmy said. "Jimmy also buys some nice ties."

"Cooking for Jimmy is a trouble," she added. "I don't eat anything, but his favorite things are sea food and meat."

The young Carruthers have no children at the moment, but if they have sons, Dimmy would have no objection to them being fighters.

"But they'll have to be good fighters," she told me.

Although Dimmy always likes to be present at Jimmy's fights "just in case," she has no qualms about him continuing with his fighting career for a few more years.

"If when Jimmy gets out of the game we have not a home, a car, and a little business, we'll have everything anyone could want," she said.

"I don't think Jimmy will ever get hurt."

When Jimmy goes back to Africa for his return fight with Vic Towel, Dimmy will go with him. "We've been married this time for five months," she said. "But we aren't married yet."

Hanging in Dimmy's cupboard is an unworn grey ballerina dress and pair of satin and chiffon. Present to her by Jimmy before he left for Africa—a glamorous occasion dress if there ever was one.

And sometime, "after a few weeks back, when all my friends will have had time to see him," there will be a select and special party.

Those present? The little face boy from next door and the girl in the pearl dress.

Clan McAllister celebrate centenary



ELDEST MEMBER of the clan McAllister, 85-year-old Neil Geddes (centre), of Ararat, with Duncan McLennan (left), 73, of Sea Lake, Vic., and 61-year-old Donald McAllister, of Lismore, Victoria, at the party celebrating the clan's 100 years in Australia.

They came from all-over for a wee drop o' fun

Bagpipes skirled and Scottish hearts glowed in Melbourne last week when 250 of the thousand-strong McAllister clan celebrated the centenary of their ancestors' arrival in Australia. They are descendants of Christina and Keith McAllister and Keith's sister Barbara and her husband, Neil McInnes, who arrived in Australia in 1852 in the "Aramanta" from Barrahead, Isle of Skye.

THE McAllisters were early pioneers of land in Wimmera, Victoria, and Central Riverina, in N.S.W. To-day, their descendants own between ten thousands of acres of Australia's farming lands.

"We have always belonged to the land," said Mrs. John Webb, of Marnoo, Victoria, who, with Mrs. Gordon McAllister, of Finley, N.S.W., organised the get-together.

"Town life's too crammed, too many people," muttered schoolboy Trevor McAllister. "The only reason you find

a few McAllisters with city addresses is lack of land—not want of enthusiasm," explained Don McAllister, of Deniliquin, N.S.W.

There were McAllisters, McInneses, McLennans, McGregors, McPhersons, McDougals, Geddes, and Cummings galore when the clan lined up at Scots Kirk for the service which opened the celebrations.

Later, at the Dorchester, in Alexandra Avenue, on the banks of the Yarra, they gathered from noon until late afternoon for ceremonial haggis. They told amusing stories against their race and their clan, sang national songs, and exchanged family reminiscences.

The McAllisters, incidentally, spell their name the Irish way. This is the result of a mistake in the land titles office in the early days. An extra "t" as well as land was allotted to the clan.

Harmony and height are clan characteristics. Most of the men have towering figures and claim they have never had personal conflicts.

"Family disputes and personal tragedies, such as divorce, are unknown to us," they said.

"We've had bad times, like fires and droughts, but being hardy and industrious we've always been able to withstand them."



CHAIRMAN of the clan gathering Norman McAllister, of Finley, N.S.W., talks kinswoman Helen Marsland, of Melbourne, daughter of the former Amy McAllister, into developing a taste for haggis.

Wild young men and mild young women are also typical McAllister traits.

But, although high-spirited in their youth, McAllister men declare they realise with maturity that what is becoming in a young man is out of place in later life.

Their humor is dry.

During luncheon speeches, John Hines, of Hinesville, Marnoo, jocularly commented that he had felt it might have been a better idea if the collection taken up during the church service to aid small country parishes had taken the form of a donation to the blood bank.

He realised just in time that the blood might have been rather watery, because his father was an Englishman who had married into the clan.

This prompted toastmaster Angus McDonald McCaskill to recall how an Englishman who boasted that he was born an Englishman and would die an Englishman was neatly put back into his place by a Scot's barb, "Mon, hae ye nae ambition?"

Angus and several other members of the McLeod clan were the only foreigners at the party.

The McAllister and McLeod clans have been "friendly feudin'" since the 12th century in the Isle of Skye.

"The McAllisters raced us to Australia by five years," ruefully pondered Angus.

"But I am deeply honored to be with them to-day."

Veteran of the gathering was 85-year-old Mr. Neil Geddes, grandson of Barbara McAllister and her husband, Neil McInnes.



EARLY homestead on "Rock Vale," Marnoo, Vic., where pioneer Keith McAllister's son John (fourth from left) and his wife and family settled in 1866.

With his wife he was piped into the Dorchester.

All four of the Geddes children, Henry, Robert, Netta, and Mrs. Agnes Argyle, were at the party, with three of the seven grandchildren.

Typical man of the clan is massive Keith McAllister. He came with his wife from Warranilla, Deniliquin, where their four children share the family's 35,000-acre property.

Longest trek was made by Mrs. Les Ladyman, who came from Katanning, Western Australia, to greet members of the family in the eastern States; which she left 23 years ago.

Her father, William McAllister, went to the West looking for land as a passenger on the first mail plane to fly from Adelaide to Perth in 1929.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McAllister, of Mernong, Calawadda, near Stawell, have six children, among them the only twins in the clan, four-year-olds Heather and Christina.

"Norman is the only member of the family who still plays the pipes," said Mrs. Rupert Hewitt, one of the few city clan members present.

"It's a great sight to see him at the end of the meal with the whole family round the table. The children follow him round the room as if he were The Pied Piper."

A stirring moment at the end of the celebrations was the traditional Scottish toast to the haggis and the heather.

With one foot on the table, they held their glasses high and repeated the ancient words, "Up with it, doon with it, away with it, to you with it."

The toast was drunk in fruit-cup. Clan members felt that meeting each other was enough stimulation for the day.

But there was a wee drop o' Scotch at the party—poured into the bagpipes to improve the tone!



WILLIAM DODDS playing for guest dancer Elna Wilkinson, while Mrs. H. Marsland, Austin McAllister, Alan McAllister and his wife, and Mrs. McLennan watch.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 26, 1952

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 26, 1954

OUR CORONATION TOUR CONTEST

More £10 awards are chosen from flood of entries

Careful day-by-day classification of the huge Coronation Contest mail by the judges has brought to light many excellent and highly diverse entries in all three sections. On this page we publish three more £10 progress award winning entries.

AMONG the hundreds of entries that we read daily we have already selected equally good ones expressing different points of view and treating each of the three subjects in quite different ways.

Progress award winners remain eligible for major prizes. There is no need for you to model your entries on those already published. You will have just as good a chance if you approach the subject in your own way.

Most wonderful day

THE most wonderful day of my life was when I was at a social at the Education Army. It was a Friday night, December 4, 1951.

It started at half-past seven. I arrived when it had just started.

I handed my plate of supper in at the door and went in, where I joined all the girls there.

Everything went right that night, as my friend was there. (Well, you may as well call him my boy-friend, as I had known him for five years.)

When it was nearing the end, Alan (that was his name) called me aside and asked me to take me home. It was the first time he had asked me in all those years.

He took me home as arranged. As we rode on our bikes we talked about dances, games, bikes, cows—everything, including everything.

At I lived two miles out of town, we had a beautiful ride home that summer evening.

When we reached the gate of my home we stood awhile and before he went he kissed me good-night for the first time.

I believe that was the happiest day of my life.

£10 to JOY DOUGLAS, Penola Rd., Mt. Gambier, S.A.

The Queen comes to tea

THE Queen and her children coming to tea next week! No, I think I would prefer to say that I was preparing to entertain a special friend and her children. Then perhaps I would not get flustered or over-do my preparations.

First, I should decide on my other guests. Maybe I would invite the parents of Jack Edmondson, V.C., because they live so close by and are such a charming elderly couple deserving of the honor of meeting Her Majesty. Being young and inexperienced myself, they would help me entertain.

The third person would be my mother. She was an acquaintance of Mrs. Edmondson, and, being British born and bred, is deeply interested in London and Royalty.

I would not alter or replace anything in my arrangements (except maybe faded curtains or my covers). In fact, I would like everything to be as natural as can be.

I would be particularly sure to have some very nice flower arrangements, and I would depend on them to make my humble sitting-room look as if it had been prepared for a special occasion.

Now, food—perhaps it would be best to make my usual cake mixture, because I can be assured of success, rather than dabble with new recipes.

The menu would be as follows: Good plain rice; light fruit cake; very small buttered scones; lemon-cheese tarts; thin bread and butter; freshly picked and washed bowl of watercress; whipped dairy cream, slightly sweetened and vanilla-flavored; 2 dishes of

conservé; jug of fresh milk for the children.

The children would then have an interesting and nourishing afternoon tea without indulging in too much carbo-hydrate.

The table would be set as usual, using my best bone rose tea-set and rose supper-cloth, with a bowl of blending roses running into a trail of rosebuds on to the table.

I would make it my business to learn from some good authority all that I could about Royal etiquette, so that I would be calm and assured of myself.

Then I would be very happy and proud to entertain my guest of honor, knowing that she is Queen of the United Kingdom and Dominions and that I am one of her many, many subjects, but knowing also that we are both women about the same age and both proud mothers of a son and a daughter. Maybe some of our conversation would revolve around our one common interest—our children.

£10 to Mrs. M. STUBBS, Hume Highway, Leppington, via Liverpool, N.S.W.

Imaginary conversation

Elizabeth II:

We are alone,

Elizabeth I:

We are not overlooked nor overheard, and yet, 'tis pity I came unattended. The good Sir Francis Drake and Shakespeare, Raleigh—

all that glorious, rousing, roystering troop of British men, who planted firm our fame, and founded this our realm would revel in't, and rejoice their hearts to see this precious jewel, engirdled by defending seas, still hale and brave.

Elizabeth II:

Still brave. Trials have tempered our souls; stern tests have steeled our men and women; we have looked in the face of defeat, and not recognised it.

[The sea, our defence and highway, bridges our realm—our larger realm of kinsfolk, vastly scattered, but bound by blood and love. South, and west—

Elizabeth I:

The west! Did Raleigh's dream, Virginia, flourish?

Elizabeth II:

It was lost to us—

Elizabeth I:

Well lost! A plaguey canker of a place, even seeking ships, supplies, and victuals.

Elizabeth II:

The ships and food—and men—came back from there a hundred-thousandfold; as in our need they came from Australia, Canada, New Zealand—

Elizabeth I:

Strange names! Drake harried me for grant of leave to seek the Terra Australia, the great South land.

He brought me glittering golden cargoes, glowing tales—a restless men. But you have seen this realm?

Elizabeth II:

Some of it—chiefly in the west.

Soon now, we'll see the south.

Elizabeth I:

Our royal tours were tedious, slow, and burdensome.

The beds I slept in—regal, vast, but cold; receptions, little fussy pompous men with oaken heads, and aye! with hearts of oak,

a plague of platitudes in faltering speech.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE for the best entry in the contest: Coronation tour for two. The winner and companion will fly to England and U.S. via Qantas/B.O.A.C. and across the Pacific home by B.C.P.A.

Travelling ensemble and afternoon frock by Madame Pellier. Complete nylon lingerie outfit and fashion goods by Prestige. Wardrobe of 12 pairs of Joyce shoes.

SECOND PRIZE for the second best entry: a specially fitted Ford Consul car.

THIRD PRIZE for the third best entry: a President Model 88 refrigerator.

FOURTH PRIZE of Hoover washing machine, electric polisher, and vacuum cleaner.

THREE PRIZES of £100 for the best entry in each of the three sections other than the entries winning the four major prizes.

THREE PRIZES of a Philips portable radio, each valued at £36/15/-, for the second best entry in each of the three sections.

PROGRESS AWARDS of £10 for entries published during the contest. 25 consolation prizes of £5 each.

How to enter the contest

Choose ANY ONE of the following three subjects, then write your entry about it. You may be as brief as you like, but do not write more than 500 words.

YOU may send as many entries as you like, but each must have attached its own correctly signed coupon warranting that the submission is your original work.

Entries bearing nom-de-plumes will not be eligible.

1. Describe the most wonderful day in your life:

There is one specially wonderful day in everyone's life. Tell us about yours—as simply and as naturally as you can. You don't need to have any special talent as a writer. Sincerity and naturalness are what count.

2 Tell us how you would entertain the Queen if she and her two children came informally for afternoon tea. Give the recipes for the food you would serve and say what three guests you would invite, and why.

Say what preparations you would make, describe the appearance of the room or garden in which you would entertain the Queen, and say how you would serve the afternoon tea. The recipes you attach do not count in the 500 words allowed.

Your guests may be family, friends, or prominent Australians.

3. Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second.

You may choose any topic you like to be discussed between the Elizabeth who reigned nearly 350 years ago, and the present Queen. Keep in mind the character of the two Queens, and let each speak for herself.

January 16, 1953, is the closing date of the contest.

Elizabeth II:

The little ordinary British men and women have wrought great wonders with their hearts and heads

and hands and sinews. They gave me these dominions.

They place them in my hand, not under it. I pray to be worthy of those men and women.

Elizabeth I:

Be not affrighted. British brawn and wit will bear the day, their grumbling wit and willing brawn

ever seeking for new seas, new fields—

Elizabeth II:

There's little of the world that's unexplored, but now our peoples probe the air, the ether, realms of art and science, philosophy, physics—

Elizabeth I:

Our fires Bacon, Drake, and Shakespeare would enjoy this age. They sought and saw ahead.

RULES

Address your entries "Coronation Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may enter one section, two sections, or all three, and send as many entries as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by a coupon. Write on one side of the paper only.

Put your name and address in block letters at the top of each page.

The entries may be as short as you like and should preferably be not more than 500 words. In section two, the recipes need not be counted in your total words.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

CORONATION CONTEST

November 26, 1952. Attach one coupon to each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

SIGNATURE

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS (block letters)

State

Elizabeth II:

Their spirit lives. The old horizons crack. New vistas break, fresh challenges arise—my peoples meet and face them, unafraid.

Elizabeth I:

Then all is well; equipped with courage, faith, imagination, meet and face the world. With happiness at home.

Elizabeth II:

Yes, happiness at home, my children—

Elizabeth I:

The children! I was Queen and had my triumphs,

but lacked the tender love, the solace of children,

'Tis late, and soft they sleep, but call for rushlights.

To them let us go, treading gently.

This realm is safe—I crave to see the children.

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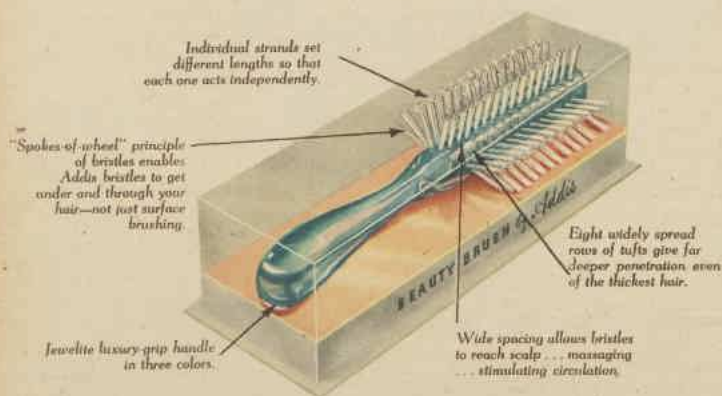


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vides only surface brushing can
do this for you.



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THE KENTS IN ASIA



THE DUCHESS OF KENT and the Sultan of Brunei exchange gifts at the Sultan's palace watched by the Duke of Kent (right) and the Sultan's consort, the Raja Isteri. Brunei is the oldest Malay state under British protection.



SEA DYAK WARRIORS await the arrival of the Duchess and the Duke in Kuching. Their ceremonial dress makes a striking contrast with the jungle-green of Awang Anak Rawang, who wears the George Cross he won while serving against Communists in Malaya.

Visit to Borneo

During their recent tour of South-east Asia, the Duchess of Kent and her son, the 17-year-old Duke of Kent, spent ten days in the British territories in Borneo. In many ways this was the most colorful and varied section of the trip. The functions arranged for them ranged from a brilliant display of tribal dancing at Kuching, Sarawak, to a visit to Seria, biggest oilfield in the British Commonwealth.



THE DUCHESS lays the foundation of the new Anglican Cathedral during her stay in Kuching. The Bishop of Borneo, the Right Rev. Nigel Cornwell (right), dedicated the cathedral.



SEKAYAH WOMEN (above), led by a musician, dance for the Duchess in a display of tribal dancing at Kuching.

ON THE STEPS of his throne (right), the Sultan of Brunei reads his address of welcome to the Duchess. The address was later presented to the Duchess in a silver casket.



GOVERNOR OF SARAWAK, Sir Anthony Abell, embarks with the Duchess and the Duke in the Governor's boat to cross the river from Kuching to the Astana, once the palace of the white rajahs and now the Governor's residence.

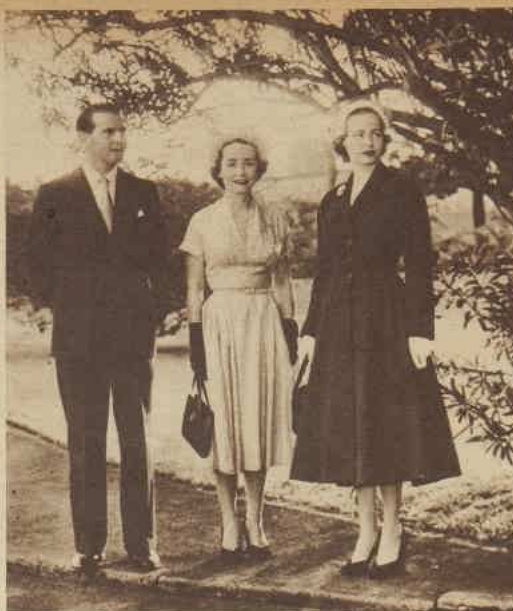


THE DUCHESS OF KENT, wearing a cool summer dress and white accessories, inspects a guard of honor of the North Borneo Police on her arrival at Jesselton, the capital of North Borneo. One of the highlights of the Duke's stay was a wild pig hunt at Kota Belud.





THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER, Elizabeth Northcott, with her fiancé, Squadron-Leader Russell Nash, at the late-afternoon reception at Government House. The couple received congratulations from the 300 guests present.



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Williams and Mrs. Williams' sister, Mrs. Keith Gollan, pictured in the gardens of Government House before they attended the late-afternoon reception. Beautiful frocks were worn at the party.



AT WARWICK FARM. Mr. and Mrs. Bob Withcombe enjoyed a picnic lunch from the boot of their car at the November meeting at Warwick Farm. Mrs. Withcombe's hat was of stitched white pique.

Social Gittings

THE surfing season will be well under way when Pacific Club members hold their annual cocktail party at the clubhouse at Palm Beach next Saturday, November 29.

The party date was altered so that members could see the finals of the N.S.W. lawn tennis championships.

Club members are anxious to show off their clubhouse, which has undergone some beauty treatment during the winter months. The outside has been repainted white, with coral window-frames. Inside is a cool mist-green.

Two hundred guests are expected, and lots of them will spend the week-end away from the city, in house parties at the beach. An informal dance will follow the party. The chairman, Mr. Stuart Ward, and his wife will receive guests.

ALREADY trying to figure out how she will get all her "household effects" packed is Mrs. John Trenerry, who with her husband leaves in the Orontes next May for England. They will stay for three years and have a flat in Kensington, in the south of London.

GLAMOR-GIRLS lunching at Princes were Nan and Sheila Connor. Sheila wore a daffodil-yellow and brown paisley printed dress, with a pleated skirt, and Nan was in a white linen frock and a tomato-red, wide-brimmed straw hat. They had just returned with their mother, Mrs. M. S. Connor, from a visit to Sheila's fiancé, Bob Stafford, at "Kooyong," Tooma, on the Upper Murray. Work on Sheila and Bob's home on the property will be commenced soon and they will be married early next year.

ALL roads will lead to "Glen Vale," Murrumbidgee, on December 19 when Sidney, Eric, and Marion Moore hold their Christmas dance. They are planning to have dancing "from 8.30 till breakfast time" on the verandah of their home, and out on the lawns. A turkey and ham supper will be served by the children's mother, Mrs. R. K. White, halfway through the party.



COUNTRY INTEREST. George Knight-Gregson, of "Lovelynn," Calong, and his bride, formerly Judith Hall, of "Merryula," Coonabarabran, leave St. Michael's, Faulconbridge, after their wedding.

IN town to make final plans for their "Secret Ambitions" party on December 27 were Allison Macpherson, of "Rose Dale," Cassilis, and Jennifer McLean, of "The Brothers," Warialda. The name was a result of a printer's error as the girls had originally decided on the name of "Childhood Ambitions" with guests coming dressed as the person they would like to be.

The dance, which has become an annual, post-Christmas event for the country younger-set, will be held in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Cassilis. Guests will come from Scone, Muswellbrook, Mudgee, Dubbo, Wellington, and Merriwa. The girls are now busily painting posters of guests' costumes to decorate the hall.

"BORANING," meaning "Sweet Waters," is the name chosen by newlyweds Judith and Robin Craig for their property at Thirlmere, N.S.W. It is named after the former station property in Western Australia of Robin's parents, the Hon. Mrs. Craig, who is visiting London, and the late Mr. F. C. Craig. Robin is the grandson of the late Lord Birdwood.

FASHION NOTE . . . Singer Dorothy Helmrich's collection of jewellery from all parts of the world—a necklace of Chinese amber with matching chandelier earrings; a twin-stoned siron ring from Colombo, and another ring made from a pale pink kunzite stone from South America.



AUSTRALIAN JUNIOR CHAMPION Mary Carter attended the N.S.W. Hardcourt Tennis Association Ball at the Trocadero with Syd Reitano. American champion "Little Mo" Connolly was present.



WED IN LONDON. Geoffrey Horsfall, of Pangbourne, Oxfordshire, and his bride, formerly Maxine Maxwell-Gumbleton, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Maxwell-Gumbleton, of Edgely, with Dave Bull and John Hilder, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton.

THREE diamonds sparkle in the ring worn by Marcia Kerslake-Foy, of Wollstonecraft, who is engaged to George Hooper, only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hooper, of Mosman. Marcia, who is the daughter of Mrs. E. Foy and of the late Mr. Percy Kerslake, has just returned from a month in Singapore and plans to have several months abroad next year before making wedding plans.

AMUSING invitations are out for the English-Speaking Union Younger Set's "Sadie Hawkins" party at Fairylands, Lane Cove, next Saturday, November 29. This day is celebrated as "Sadie Hawkins Day" in America, and guests are asked to dress as comic-strip characters associated with Sadie. The party will defray expenses for the Younger Set's "Ghost Party" on February 7.

JUST by chance, Country Women's Association members met on April 21, 1953, for their annual general conference and then discovered that they could have a double celebration because the Queen's birthday is on the same date. Delegates from 504 branches will flock to Sydney Town Hall for the meeting.

BRIEFLY . . . Margaret Davison, elder daughter of Mrs. F. H. Davison, of Neutral Bay, and John Whyatt, who were married at Scots Kirk, Mosman, are settling into their home at Griffith. Margaret is a great-grand-niece of the Australian explorer, Hume. Shirley Buchanan, formerly of Bondi, and now of London, has become engaged to Colin Lyson, of Adelaide. Shirley is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Buchanan, of Hamilton, New Zealand.



AT ST. ALBAN'S, QUIRINDI. The Rev. Neville Eley, of Murrumbidgee, and his bride, formerly Margaret Young, of Quirindi, leave St. Alban's Church.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Peter Macgrath, of Double Bay, and his bride, formerly Pam Humphries, of Muswellbrook, at St. John's Church, Muswellbrook.

LOVE on the Wing

The pigeon perched on Josette's hand. He was too tired to fly away from her.



THE homing pigeon winged in from the west as the last light of sunset was absorbed in a wet band of fog over the river. It skimmed over a rooftop, stirred away from a television aerial just in time, and dropped down on a window-ledge on the seventh floor of the Hotel Westbrook.

There it regained its composure and considered the necessity, from a pigeon's viewpoint, of completing the race that night.

It was the pigeon's misfortune that the window was open and that the room was occupied by a Mr. Pratt, who had entered deep into the spirit of the third and concluding night of an annual conference.

The bird aroused in Mr. Pratt a vestigial tracking instinct, and, a little later in the evening, it opened to a new world the eyes of Miss Josette Dufour, who was checking out that night on the mezzanine floor of the hotel.

"Hey," said Mr. Pratt to a business associate, "look there on the window-sill. What's that?"

"It's a pigeon," said the other man.

"See right," said Mr. Pratt, his eyes shining. Mr. Pratt dropped to his hands and knees and crawled towards the window; the weary pigeon could not even stretch his neck.

"Get him!" said Mr. Pratt, and jumped back from the window with the fluttering bird gripped by the legs.

For this pigeon, number 186543, male, seven years old, the race was run, the day was ended. And Mr. Pratt locked the bird in the bathroom while he and his friend took up their hats and went down to the restaurant to eat rubbery chicken at the annual banquet of their association.

They were monogamous individuals, like the pigeon, but they were also far from home, and Josette, who had silky black hair and sparkling eyebrows and shining, mischievous eyes, was one of those wise, unsinting women who put all they have into everything they do. She took their hats and gave them both

rich smiles that sent them on quickened by errant instincts.

"She's a pretty kid," said Mr. Pratt. "What's she doing checking hats?"

This was a question Josette could have answered quite simply. It was because of her eyes. Thick-lashed, twinkling eyes could make trouble for a girl; they could cost her jobs. And checking hats was better than starving.

In fact it wasn't a bad job at all. It maintained her small flat; it kept the ladders out of her stockings; it kept her plump enough so that she had to look up the latest reducing diets now and then. And she hadn't had eye trouble on this job.

By choice and profession she sang songs, but during her last engagement at a night club there had been a young lady who thought Josette's eyes roved too specifically in the direction of the proprietor—and this young lady had been a very monogamous pigeon.

Something had to leave the coop, either Josette's eyes or the proprietor's peace of mind, so now Josette was checking hats while waiting word from her agent.

It was not hard work. For a time the hats and coats came fast, then there was a long wait while the chicken was served and the speeches were got through.

Then there was another rush, and, as usual, a final wait for the stragglers. The last hat claimed that night belonged to Mr. Pratt.

He had thought about Josette during the banquet, and as the effects of the evening wore off he had become well aware that this pretty hat-check girl was twenty years younger than himself and that he had a family of three.

But still he had that sugar-daddy impulse. Something ought to be done for this pretty kid checking hats in the Hotel Westbrook. She should have some small token, not a

coin, not a note, but some tribute to youth and the memory of youth. He made a visit to his room before leaving the hotel that evening.

He came down, took his hat from Josette's hand, and gently said, "Would you like a tip or a pigeon?"

Josette's wide brown eyes met his and sparkled. "Oh, I take the pigeon, of course." Josette did not take people too seriously, least of all those who checked their hats with her.

But she was quite unprepared for the sudden gesture by Mr. Pratt that left a brown paper bag in both her hands and inside the bag something fluttery and definitely alive.

"There's your pigeon," said Mr. Pratt. "Take good care of him."

Then Mr. Pratt went home and out of her life, but the homing pigeon remained.

He was too tired to fly off when Josette took him out of the bag and let him perch on her hand for a few moments.

Josette had a casual familiarity with pigeons. She had seen them on the wing or

cluttering the gutters of the city, but otherwise her knowledge of the breed was limited to "pigeon Clamart," that is, pigeon enveloped in a creamy sauce and accompanied by a bottle of vintage Bordeaux.

Mabel Gordon, who had worked with her that night, asked, "What are you going to do with him, send him on to the headwaiter with the other tips?"

"This is no tip. This is a present."

"Of course," said Mabel, "but what are you going to do with the bird?"

Josette was enchanted by the gesture and for the moment unconcerned by the problem. She enjoyed each day's small variety and she liked impulsive people.

"The first thing I do is get a box," said

Josette. "Call me a pageboy, Mabel. Tell him I've got to have a box."

The pageboy was happy to perform a service for Josette and brought a cardboard carton from some inner recess of the hotel where such things have their place.

He had provided a newspaper for the bottom of it and had cut air vents along the sides, Josette put the bird into the carton and then closed the lid and made it fast with string.

"He's got to have food," the boy said. "And water."

"When I get him home I give him water," Josette said. "What he eats? Bread? Peanuts? I see people in the park throw peanuts to the pigeons."

"Josie, do you mean you're going to keep that bird?" Mabel demanded.

"Why not?"

"You let him roost in your room and you'll find out soon enough."

"I fix him some kind of house, maybe," said Josette. "Anyhow, to-night what can I do? I have to take him home, that's all."

So Josette tucked the carton under her arm and carried the pigeon across the town to her top-floor flat, which was not much larger than a fair-sized pigeon loft itself.

The bird was restless and she gave him water in a saucer and some pieces of bread crumbled up, unaware that not far away—no distance at all by pigeon flight—the owner was still waiting for pigeon 186543 and that a bell was set to ring when he entered his trap to complete the race.

Robert Carter, sen., had watched the skies until the light failed, and had gone up again to the pigeon loft after dinner, and not until ten o'clock at night did Robert Carter, sen., say with reluctance to Robert Carter, jun., "He won't get home to-night. But that bird has flown at night before. I thought he'd make it."

Robert Carter, jun., looked up from the examination papers he was correcting. He

By Edwin Lanham

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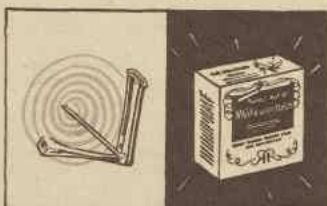
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Continuing . . .

Love on the Wing

was lean and young and the horn-rimmed glasses he wore gave him a scholarly air that seemed false.

He looked like a boy who had been kept too hard at his studies, not a young man of twenty-six with a job and ambition. He nodded and said, "I expect he'll be here in the morning, Dad," and then continued:

"You know, Dad, there are moments when I'm sorry I haven't any spare time for pigeons."

Sometimes he felt that there was an empty corner in his life, but it was not a place for pigeons to roost.

"You ought to see more of the pigeons, Bob," his father said. "They're the finest hobby in the world."

"Just now, Dad, I have to correct these examination papers."

"You're a pigeon fancier," his father said. "I brought you up that way. If you want to be happy, give some time to the pigeons."

Nick, the iceman, helped Josette the next morning. He said he had a crate she could use and some wire netting, and he'd fix up a nice little coop with some perches in it. "Where will you keep the bird, Miss Dufour?" he asked.

"Up on the roof," said Josette. "It's a nice flat roof."

When the iceman brought the coop she carried the pigeon in its carton to the roof, and up on the roof it was a pigeon's world.

"Up here is good," she said. "He will be happy here."

The iceman removed the bird from the carton, holding it cupped in his two hands.

"He's pretty," said Josette. "See his neck, like sequins."

"But this is a homing pigeon," the iceman said. "This bird belongs to somebody."

"Yes, sure. But he give him to me."

"He's got a leg band," the iceman said. "Here's the number: 186543. That's his identification."

"We give him a name, not a number," Josette said. "What he is, a convict? Coo, bebbec. Don't be afraid. I think we call you Sequin, from your pretty neck. Nick, I hold him now."

As the iceman passed the bird to Josette there was a flutter of wings, a flash of quick movement, and the pigeon was gone with frantic wingbeat. He circled, dropped down on a television aerial thirty feet away.

"Oh, we lose him," Josette said sadly. "Nick, we got to catch him. I want that pigeon. Sequin, come back. Come, bebbec."

She took a step towards the aerial, but a pigeon sprang aloft, spiralled upward, and set off eastward in a straight homing line.

"He's flying home," Nick said.

"I guess so," Josette said. "Good-bye, pigeon. Be happy."

"Perhaps you can get him back from the man who gave him to you," the iceman said. Josette shrugged. "I don't even know his name."

"You got the number, though. It was 186543. You can check it somehow."

"Yes?" said Josette. "Well, never mind. He will be more happy in his own home."

She carried the pigeon's carton to the street, dropped it in a rubbish-bin, and decided, since it was a fine, clear day, that she would walk to the Westbrook.

As she walked, she thought about her pigeon and then was sad. It was pleasing to have a pet, even for so short a time.

Two days later, when the doorbell rang, Bob Carter opened the door and saw a girl standing there with sunlight on her black hair, a well-rounded, smiling girl with alert shining eyes, who said, "I wish to speak to Mr. Carter, please," in a voice with an accent that could only be French.

"Senior or junior?" "I don't know," Josette said. "Which keeps pigeons?"

"Well, we both do. I'm junior."

Josette gave him her smile. She thought here was a young man who should smile a little.

"It's the papa I want," she said. "He gave me a pigeon but he escape."

"My father gave you a pigeon?" The young man looked Josette up and down with surprise.

"A beautiful bird with sequins on his neck," Josette said.

"But he get away. I have such a time finding you. I call the R.S.P.C.A. and they give me a number to telephone, some pigeon club, and I tell them I am looking for a pigeon with the number 186543 and they look up a book and say he belong to Mr. Robert Carter."

"Dad's up in the pigeon loft," the young man said. "I'll show you up."

The loft was on the roof—a rectangular structure of brick, open and screened on the south. Josette heard a cooing of pigeons and the nervous, under-the-breath muttering of a small man with grey hair and a bristling grey moustache.

"You toad," he was whispering. "You stubborn creature. Come down. Come down." He looked severely at Josette. "Don't make any move. I want that bird to trap. Don't scare him off."

Above, a pigeon was circling with short, tantalising bursts of speed. It approached the loft, veered off, and flapped away. Mr. Carter said angrily, "If he'd just come in he'd win this race easily."

The homing pigeon swung towards them now, was poised above, and Josette called softly, "Coo, coo, bebbec. Come down now."

Like a rubber ball from a rebound the bird dropped from the sky, lighted on a platform, and pushed its way in through the wires of the trap. Immediately a bell rang.

Robert Carter, sen., stared at Josette with his mouth open, then darted into the loft. Then he came bouncing out again. "Wonderful!" he cried.

"Young lady, you're a jewel. How did you do it? This is one of the fastest birds I have, but sometimes he's stubborn about coming into the trap, and the race isn't over until the bird traps."

"I'm glad I helped you out," said Josette.

"Do you breed pigeons?" he asked.

"How can I breed pigeons when I have just one pigeon?" Josette said, and spread her hands. "And that one I have lost. He escape."

"She said you gave her a pigeon, Dad," the young man said.

"No, it was not he," Josette said. "There is a mistake." "It was number 186543," Dad," Bob Carter said. "Yes, that's my bird," said Mr. Carter. "That's the one that didn't come in the afternoon, Bob. He's here in the loft now."

"I think I made a mistake in the number," Josette said. "I am checking hats at the Hotel Westbrook and a man give him to me."

Mr. Carter stepped into the loft and returned with a pigeon in his hands. Josette cried, "Yes, that is he! That is my bird!"

"I knew night would have stopped this bird," said Mr. Carter. "I give my fellow caught him somewhere."

"I am sorry," Josette said. "I thought it was his to go away. He did not tell me."

"He's mine to give away," said Mr. Carter. "And he's yours. I give him to you. You have a way with him, and perhaps you win a race for me. I want you to have this bird, Miss Dufour."

"Dufour," Josette said. "Mr. Carter said, 'Bob, put him in a basket. Tell the young lady how to take care of him.'"

Josette followed young Bob Carter into the loft. Pigeons watched them from the perches against the wall and put the bird into a wire training basket. Josette said, "Until the man give me the pigeon, I never think about them. I never know there are so many pigeons. I hardly notice them in the part before."

"Those are tramps in the park," the young man said almost with contempt. "Sometimes we lose a bird who get lazy. He drops down with the tramps and stays there."

"Then maybe he is happy," Josette said. "He is free. Some people is tramps and some happy."

Bob Carter shrugged. "You look at it from a pigeon's eye, I suppose you're right. He put the basket down. 'Want to look the left one? Dad is pretty proud of it.'"

When he talked of pigeons his manner changed. He was not so reserved and a warm light came into his serious eyes. He took in her bright smile and eyes and her rising eyebrows. Finally he asked, "How is it you're dressing hats?"

"Well, I am a singer, but I have no job, so I chock in a job."

"It doesn't sound like much of a job."

"No?" said Josette. "You suddenly. 'You look at everything from just one eye, and be. You cannot see from a pigeon's eye that it is free and eat from the loaves in the bag and sit on any roof you want. You cannot see from a hat-check girl's eye, so you are not so bad a job.'"

"I meant for you," Josette said apologetically. "It didn't look like much of a job for you."

"What is your job, precisely?" asked Josette, with sharpness in her tone.

"I teach in a boys' school."

"And you like it?"

He shrugged. "It's not so bad. But my chief interest is ornithology. I'm working on a book."

"So," Josette said. "You are checking hats, too. I picked up the wicker basket."



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Love on the Wing

"Now, if this pigeon really belongs to me, I think I take him home."

"No, wait," he said quickly, "I'll take you home in a cab and help you get the bird fixed up. I'll bring along some feed and stuff."

"Thank you, I have feed. I buy it at the pet store."

"This bird was brought up on our special mixture," he said. "Wait, I'll bring some."

At Josette's he approved the coop at iceman had made. It was all right for temporary quarters, he said, but later she should construct something more elaborate.

He began giving her details, and, since darkness had come and the bird was snug in his coop, with fresh water and his accustomed diet at hand, and, since there was so much to tell her about pigeons, he took her to dinner.

It was a French restaurant, where the food and wine were good, and Josette felt comfortable at home. There was, it seemed, a great deal to tell about pigeons.

Later they went to a night-club and danced, and, although he held her hand once at the table, he still talked about pigeons and drew diagrams for a loft on the tablecloth.

His dancing was rusty, with rare adventures from the basic box step, and from the sparkle that had come into his eyes Josette understood that this young man was escaping from an established routine that had little music in it.

He was obviously not much used to wine at dinner. His face was flushed. But still he talked of pigeons.

At one time he seemed to change the subject. As they returned to their table from the dance floor, he said, "You know, I've been to Paris. I was over there in the war."

Josette's eyes brightened. "Oh, I miss Paris," she said. "Four years I have been here now, and pretty soon I am a citizen. But I miss Paris. What you see there?"

"Pigeons," he said reminiscently.

"Is that all you do in Paris—look at pigeons? What you say we dance some more?"

Even if his dancing was indifferent, Josette thought with a smile, it was like a pigeon strutting in the park. She actually liked dancing with him. She liked his smile. She liked his lean, sensitive face and his earnest blue eyes, and even the pressure of his hand. The one thing she did not like was so much talk about pigeons.

Not until they were in a taxi-cab bound for home did his words run out. Then he sat well removed from her, nervously smoking a cigarette.

Josette realised that shyness had started him on the subject, that enthusiasm had kept him on it, and that now, when he had exhausted all its aspects, he was shy again.

When the cab drew up in front of the house where Josette lived and they got out together on the footpath, he coughed and cleared his throat.

It was a painful moment. Josette would not have minded being kissed. In fact, she was attracted to this young man and she wanted him to kiss her. But it was rather trying to watch him working up the courage.

He managed it and surged towards her suddenly, but in

the brief instant before his lips met hers, Josette had a flash of insight. She could take a hat-check girl's view of matters or turn a pigeon's eye on life, and now she saw this situation through the eye of a shy young man who had been out with an amiable French girl who checked hats.

She saw exactly what was in his mind, and she stepped back a pace and raised her hand. She slapped him and ran angrily up the steps.

On the other hand, Josette thought the next day, perhaps she had been unfair. There had been no need to slap him quite so hard, and possibly she had misjudged him. The point was that she had liked him.

She thought that when he telephoned she would make an apology, with reservations, and she thought that surely he would telephone. And when he didn't, she wondered if she had misjudged him altogether.

He had stood there on the footpath, fighting down his shyness, and it was because, she now decided, he thought it was expected of him.

After all, he had not paid off the cab, and, after all, Josette had never before passed an evening with a man who taught in a boys' school and raised pigeons, nor he with a hat-check girl.

But definitely, she thought after two days had passed, he should have telephoned about the pigeon. He should show some regard for a pigeon he had raised from squabbled. How did he know she was not neglecting it?

She tended to brood over it, and Mabel Gordon said one day in the checkroom, "Something worrying you, Josie?"

"No," Josette said. "Are you in love or something?"

"In love?" said Josette. "Certainly not!"

But that afternoon she went home to give her pigeon fresh water. That was all she had in mind, to give her pigeon fresh water, but when she opened the door of the coop and put the saucer of water in, she stood back and examined the sky line.

The bird hopped to the door and perched there, making no move to escape. Josette watched him. The pigeon stretched his head and turned his ruby-red eye towards her. Then the leaped out and settled on the nearest television aerial.

"Oh," said Josette in as false a tone of regret as any woman ever achieved, "he get away!"

He stretched his neck and ruffled his feathers, but made no move to fly.

"Scram, pigeon," she cried. "Go home!"

The pigeon hopped to a higher perch on the aerial and cast a contented eye about.

"Now, please," Josette pleaded almost tearfully. "Please go home. Listen to me. You go home and get that fellow and bring him back to my coop. You hear me!"

He stretched his neck again and blinked his brilliant red eye and suddenly was off, flying low across town among the tall buildings, bearing love on his wings.

"This is a new kind of pigeon race," Josette said to herself with satisfaction. "Now we see who wins it."

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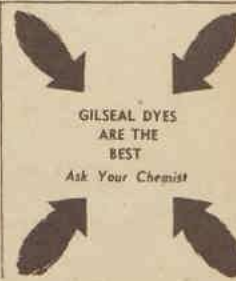
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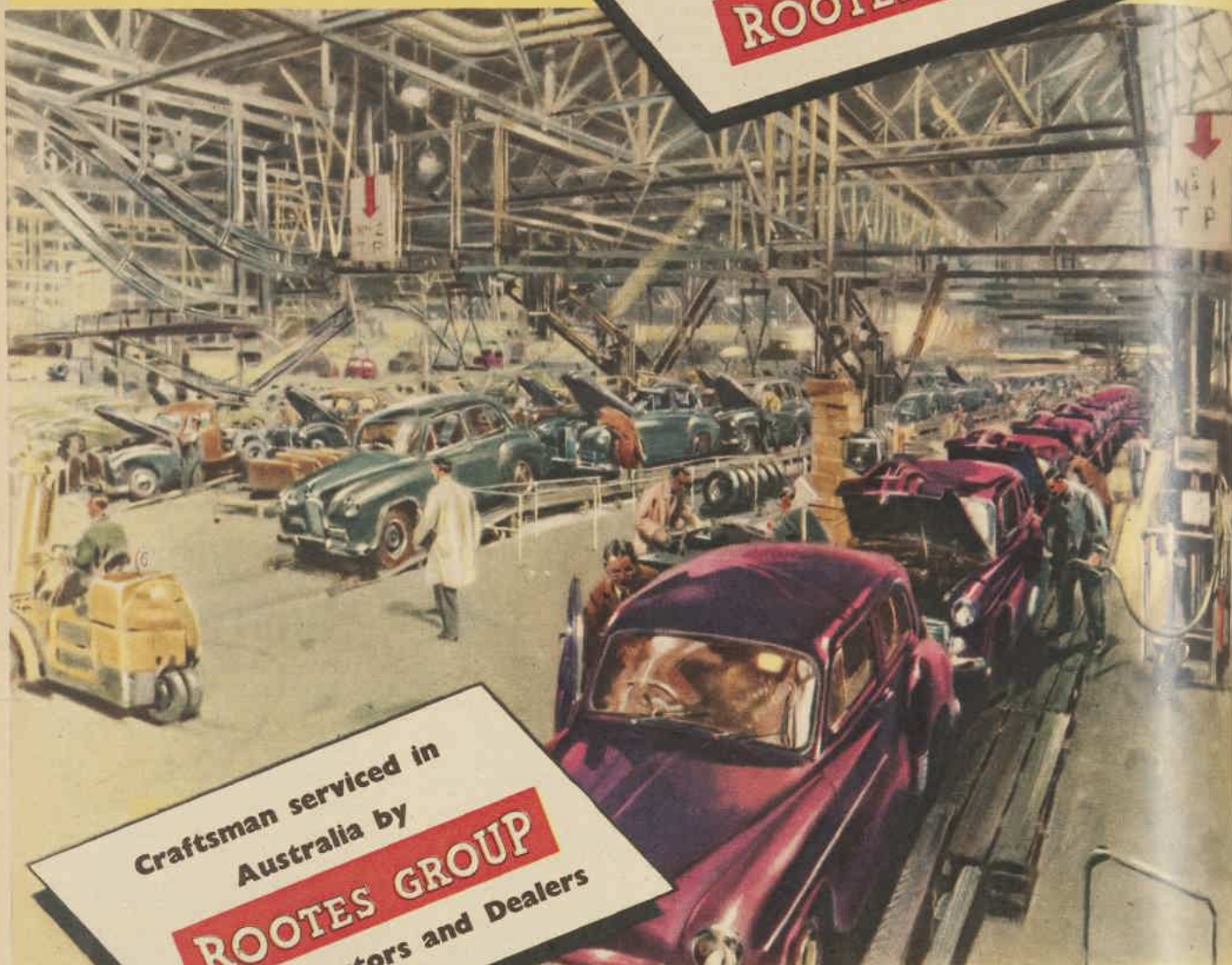


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The Escape

A dramatic short story
complete on this page

By ALICE ELDRIDGE

Light held the valley, the flat fields, the small frame houses, in a fierce, relentless brightness.

Barbara Hume, standing before her door, stared at the sun that had grown so loathe, as it sank toward the west, a ball of fire.

The chill of a cold tub was leaving her body, her blonde hair framed a pale, beat-drenched face, but her eyes had been touched into vivid brightness.

Behind her, in the sitting-room, the table was set with her prettiest china, and a cold supper waited in the refrigerator for darkness and for Alan—if Alan came with the darkness.

It seemed futile, the preparations she had made to make daily. Too late—it was part of her bitter rebellion—Alan was kept at the laboratories in the encircling hills.

Against the sunlight a car moved. Barbara took a quick step forward. Alan's car; it was big and beautiful, expensive. Her eyes followed as it stopped at the end of the path bordered with heat-dried ferns. She had never expected to see again the man who swung open the door and walked toward her, smiling.

"Wayne," she cried. "Wayne Drummond! What in the world are you doing in this forsaken place?"

"Visiting you," Wayne laughed. "You and Alan. Business and pleasure combined, Babs."

It was good to hear the unhurried goodness, the hint of lazy laughter in your voice, so essentially Wayne, a part of the carefree past. It was good to see his eyes warm with pleasure, the eyes of the man she could have married if Alan hadn't put her into her life.

It broke the timeless, dragging years into little ripples of excitement. And time seemed to whirl and circle back as he placed in her hand the flowers he carried, fragrant with the perfume she had once used—white freesia.

"Oh, Wayne," she said, and her face was unweary.

"They always remind me of you," he said quietly. Then he asked, "Is this home? I have an offer to make him. He's been doing fine work, Babs, and his light hasn't been entirely obscured by government secrecy."

Barbara looked up at the man who controlled some of the country's greatest industrial enterprises. The sudden uprush of hope was so fierce, too instant; it frightened her as her thoughts flew to Alan faced by the decision which an offer from Wayne Drummond would mean.

Clear-cut, without shading, the problem was there: Alan's dedication, his work, to himself, and against it the doubts that had been unable to hide as two men had rolled their unbearable weight of loneliness and monotony upon them.

When a husband spends his life, and often his nights, in the company of atoms and radioactivity, like Barbara had learned, is one part, her rival more dangerous than any woman.

"No, Alan's not home," she said. "I never know when he'll come—if he comes." Those words were the sting of a tormenting whip. She turned, afraid of Wayne's keenness of perception. "Let's go in," she said. "It's hot to-day; not, of course, that it isn't like an oven every day in this part of the world."

He followed her into the house, saying: "I'm glad Alan isn't here, Babs. It will give us time to talk. I'm counting on your influence."

She faced him, and he came to stand before her. "I want Alan. On top of that, I'd like to get you away from this depressing place."

"Yes, it is depressing. But I have Alan."

If that were true, Barbara thought, no perfume of white freesia, evoking memories of the rich, full past, would pull at her heart. They hadn't known, she and Alan, that the life he had chosen could bring a separation more chilling than distance in space.

"But," she said, forced to say it, "Alan would never think of accepting your offer if it weren't for me."

"I know. But you are his wife," Wayne answered. "He did take on certain responsibilities when he married you. Oh, Babs—his eyes were very gentle—it doesn't take any great understanding on my part to see that a marriage must grow very thin under such conditions. I've watched it happen before. We can be honest with each other."

"What are you?" she asked, smiling. Her words sounded very loud in the small, hot room; they had to be, to cover the hope he had brought.

"The devil's advocate?"

"No," Wayne laughed. "I'm a businessman and your friend; the two happen to go hand in hand. You must think of the long future. You'll be the deciding factor."

Yes, there was the future. Wayne had come to give her and Alan a chance to build a real marriage.

There was the sound of a car stopping before the house. "It's Alan," Barbara said. "Excuse me, Wayne." And she ran to meet Alan at the front door. Breathless, she lifted her mouth for his kiss. She whispered, "Darling, Wayne is here. On business with you. With an offer."

She saw the sudden smoothing away of all expression from Alan's dark, sensitive face. His voice was expressionless as he said, "Well, good, Babs. Quite a surprise."

Tension came into the sitting-room with Alan's coming. His welcome was friendly, but the tension was there. It did not go, as Alan helped her with the supper, as the three sat down around the table.

Barbara could see the shadows on his face, shadows not thrown by the candles she had lighted. They hurt. She had always thought of Alan as a man untouched by envy or resentment.

But now she saw Wayne as Alan must see him: the man who would have spared her all hardships. A man offering Alan the opportunity of freeing her from hardship. She could feel Alan's bitter thoughts as Wayne said:

"I don't want to press business, but I must have my decision to-night. Here's the set-up, Alan: We're working on a new plastic process. It will make millions when perfected. I'd like you to head my laboratories, at a salary of thirty thousand a year, and a share in the profits later."

Barbara felt faint; it was too close in the room, with the stored-up heat of the day. Alan's eyes drew her gaze. He was white, but his quick, tender smile touched his lips. It was for her, only for her, as his words, though he spoke to Wayne, were for her. He was asking for something they had never found—but what? She had given all—done all—

"It's a fabulous offer, Wayne," Alan said. "And it's tempting. Of

course, it means giving up my work here. . . . I'd turn it down if there weren't other vital factors. The real temptation is that Babs and I would have more of each other, a life together—while here—"

She could feel the words being wrung from him. So he had understood, too, her loneliness, the long days. She was always alone. They were never together.

The blood was rising from Barbara's heart, hot and crying. Why hadn't they been together—here? The answer was there, vague, elusive. She struggled for it, her eyes leaving Alan's face.

The perfume of freesia lay heavily in the hot room, and for a moment it stifled her. It represented the past, but life could not be lived in the past. There was the future, and that was a million times more important.

Her eyes turned to the window and she looked out to the landscape as if seeing it for the first time.

Beyond those dusty, empty fields lay a country hoping for peace, giving for peace. There were women waiting for men who had jobs to do, jobs that had to be done. These women waited for men who might never come back.

Yet they waited—hoping, fearing, and giving. They accepted restrictions, regulations, hardships, so others might be free. Alan was one of those men. But she—

Barbara stood up. The rival she had dreaded was but a figment. It had been a rival because she had never let herself share Alan's vision.

Perhaps he had been too proud to ask her to do so, hoping deep in his heart that one day she would come to see it for herself. She saw it clearly now, under the impact of the choice given her. She heard her voice, breathless, as if she had run a long, long way:

"Your plastic process can wait, Wayne. Alan isn't selling out, and neither am I." Two pairs of eyes were staring at her. Barbara laughed. "You wanted a quick answer, didn't you? I'm speaking for the family."

Wayne got to his feet slowly, studying her face. "I know a refusal when it's meant." He smiled then. "I'd better be getting along. I haven't much time for what I must do." He offered his hand to Alan. "You have quite a girl," he said.

"I'll go to the car with you," Barbara said.

Out in the night she said, "Thank you for coming, Wayne. You did me good. I'm on balance now."

"Are you?" he asked. He slipped behind the wheel. "We all have to do many things we don't like these days, Babs. I'm sorry."

"I'm not," Barbara said. And she wasn't. She was happy to be doing her part of a job.

Wayne reached over and pressed her hand. "Caesar's wife stands untouched by the devil's advocate!" He smiled. Then the big car moved and gathered speed.

Barbara turned and walked back to the house and to Alan. He took her in his arms. There was little need for words. They were one. . . .

In the morning the sun was a ball of fire. The heat and brightness increased as the day wore on. But to-day, unlike yesterday, Barbara felt a completeness.

At noon Alan's car drove up to the end of the path and Barbara ran to the door. Alan's face was stern



With the flowers in her hand Barbara led the way into the house. Wayne was saying to her, "I'm counting on your influence. You must think of the future."

and strange. He put his arms around her.

"I have to pack," he said. "I've been called to the capital. There's a job there. An important one." He looked down at her and his arms tightened. "They investigated me, Babs, and Wayne recommended me highly. He even offered to come here to—"

"To what, Alan?" Barbara whispered. And suddenly the words of the night before came back: "Caesar's wife stands untouched by the devil's advocate." "To test me?" she asked. "To see if I was above suspicion?" Wayne had said. "We have to do things we don't like."

"He didn't mean me," she thought; "he meant himself!" . . . "There was no new plastic process, was there?"

"Oh, yes," Alan said. "Wayne had a job for me if—"

"If I failed," Barbara interrupted. "If I sold you out."

Alan stooped to kiss her. "But you didn't," he said.

Barbara clung to him, and her eyes rested on the high hills. They were no longer the walls of a prison. She was free. She had won her freedom, not to-day, but the night before.

(Copyright)

The

NEGATIVE

WHEN Mr. Andrews came out of his office and handed me the schedules of the four houses, he patted my shoulder and winked as he said:

"Do I take him in the car? Or has he one of his own?"

"What do you think?"

I went down our big marble steps into the street and saw the wool man's car. It was a wool man's car all right. Wakeum, his name was.

He beckoned me to sit in the front beside him; and I was half-way on to the seat before I noticed there was a girl sitting in the back; such a long way back. He said it was his daughter.

He mentioned that he wanted to see the solid brick house in Toorak first, the £16,000 place. I gave him the details as he drove through the traffic, but he had no comments.

How well he managed that vast car, considering he was from up country and couldn't be used to Melbourne—and considering that most likely up to six months ago he'd never driven anything later than a 1930 jalopy.

It was only now and then, as I glanced at him, that he seemed not quite like all the other wool men who are coming down to town to buy houses fit to live in. He didn't look so tough. He looked quiet.

The house in wealthy Toorak was really a gem, and the people in it had the sense not to try too hard to sell it. I could see he missed nothing: its privacy, the fine floors, the glass-panelled bathroom, the sweet landscaped garden; but he said hardly a word, and the girl, for all her politeness, was as silent.

She seemed very young, not over twenty. It was a pretty face, intelligent and alive, and yet shadowed, I fancied, in the way her father's face was; as though neither of them was especially happy about

looking over one of the city's loveliest houses.

Back in the car, they discussed it with no great excitement; then decided they would have it; and as we drove into the city I felt my usual reaction rising inside me until I was nearly choking.

I had to watch him write the cheque, too. No quibbling about the price. Just the pen going over the paper, and the envy high up in my throat, dry and bitter.

It was always happening: what a fool I was, working in an estate office, always meeting these new rich families, the American cars, the cheque books—always working out the huge commissions for the firm—while I scraped away for months trying to save up £150 to get the keys for my own house: I had to finish it before I could get married, and there were no easy hundreds for me.

However—and this is why I don't think I'll forget Wakeum and his daughter—a lot of the acid's gone out of my system since I helped him that week in Melbourne.

It was when he was leaving Mr. Andrews' office he came over to me and said: "I was just wondering—have you always lived here?"

I said I had.

"You'll know a lot of business people?"

"There's a lot of thousands of them."

"I'm very anxious," he said, "very anxious to contact an old—an old friend of mine. He's a photographer—you know—with a studio. Portrait photographer. His name's Denilson. You've never heard of him?"

"Sorry—no."

"He might be dead now. He was never very fit. I used to know him, before the war, up in the Mallee, around Woomilla . . ."

He added hopefully: "Maybe if

you ran into anybody that was around Woomilla before the war . . ."

"I'm afraid I've never even heard of Woomilla."

"You need never regret that, son." He took a long breath, then stood rubbing his chin. He gave me a long, steady look.

His face was very grave; it was strong but lined; yet he didn't seem middle-aged; and then I remembered how many people said good luck to the wool men for all the hard times they'd gone through between the wars.

"Son," he said to me, "I'm wondering if you'd have time to do a little job for me: I mean, if you wouldn't be insulted if I offered you money to do it. I don't want to insult anybody—"

"What's the job?"

"To find this Denilson—if he's in Melbourne—if he's still alive. If you can find him I'll give you fifty pounds. If you can't—I mean if you try—I'll give you twenty. I'll give you the twenty now to show I'm serious."

I was so surprised I hardly knew what to say.

"Well, surely you—I mean, you could try the phone book—"

"He's not in the phone book. Maybe he's working for somebody else."

"There's plenty of private detectives around here."

"I can't stand that sort of fellow. But if you haven't time, I'll have to go to them."

Well, I've got no spare time really, because I'm always chasing timber or doors or copper-piping or carpenters or plumbers; but fifty pounds was a lot of money to me. I said I'd do it.

He took me out to the car, saying very quietly to the girl, "Jean, this gentleman knows the city. He's going to try to find Denilson for us."

She gave me a very serious look, and I think she gave the quickest little sigh as she nodded. Her father then handed me two ten-pound notes from his wallet.

Then he drew out something else, an envelope containing a photograph, postcard size. It was badly faded, but it was a wedding picture, of bride and groom.

At a guess, the bridegroom was Mr. Wakeum, a lot slimmer than he was now, but nobody would have looked twice at him, because the girl was so unusually beautiful. Even in that hopeless old sepia toning it was the loveliest face: she looked sweet, and gentle, too. I must have stared at her for a long time, when I heard the daughter saying, curiously:

"It's my mother and father."

The man's big brown knuckles tapped the card.

"Take a good look at it. It's an enlargement of this I want from Denilson."

"But any good firm will enlarge this for you."

"No, they couldn't, son." He sounded weary but definite, as if he'd tried many times.

The bride had the loveliest face, so sweet and gentle.

For thirteen long years he had plotted revenge against the man who married the woman he loved

"No, it's got past that. Nobody can do a thing with it. Denilson made a special enlargement of it years ago and we think—we're pretty sure—he'll still have it, if he's alive. If you can find him—" and then Wakeum caught his breath; it was as if he'd trembled; he looked at the girl and shook his head before he said any more.

"We think he came to Melbourne years ago. Maybe he didn't. Maybe he won't have anything to do with you if you did find him. But there's just a chance he might be very hard up. You can tell him I'll pay two hundred pounds for the picture."

He didn't look up to see what impression that made on me; he was pencilling Denilson's name on a card. He said they'd be staying at the hotel for another couple of days, then back to the sheep station in Gippsland to clear up before they came to live in the new house.

Just as he was ready to drive off, he added: "By the way, this Denilson—he's not an easy type to deal with. If you do find him—don't stand any nonsense."

Then the big shining car was whispering away; but it was a couple of minutes before I felt like going into the office to work.

That £3000 car, slinging around a couple of hundred pounds for an old photo; the wallet full of fivers; a house in Toorak—and all because of a war and a world shortage of wool. His two tenners that I felt in my pocket didn't do much to make me feel the universe is run the way it should be.

When I saw Edna, my fiancée, that evening I told her about the Wakeums, and we worked out a plan to locate this Denilson if he was to be found in the city.

It went something like this: newspaper adverts every day for a week; a circular letter to all the photography firms; if that failed, newspaper adverts asking to contact anybody who'd lived in Woomilla before the war.

After that—maybe a little less proper—Edna would contact an uncle working for the Income Tax Department to help; next we could try the hospitals, because they kept good records; and we could try the Registrar of Deaths.

One way and another, it was an interesting evening, working all that out on the beach at St. Kilda, with spells of bathing in between good ideas, while the heat of the day cooled off slowly.

And we reckoned that once we got the tiles on our little house it wouldn't take long to get the flooring in. I had the flooring stacked away ready. The only other heart-ache would be getting the plaster-sheets up; I had the plumbing all lined up; electrical fitting would be easy and the carpentering could come quick enough.

Once we had a home we could save up for a car. It just seemed all of a sudden as if Edna and I had a future worth looking at.

Edna was curious about the photograph, and pressed me to say why I'd been so impressed. I couldn't. Neither could I help with all her guesses as to what story lay behind the Wakeums' search: was the mother dead? had she died when they were terribly hard-up?

But next morning she rang me up early in a very different tone; she was excited.

"I've found him. J. Denilson, isn't it?"

"Yes. Where?"

"He's in the phone book after

all. In the classified. There's a number in Bourke Street called the Palace dilly, and underneath it's got J. Denilson, 14 Easterleigh Road, Brighton. It's XD9172."

"Well, I'm blessed!" I said. "What's there left to live for?"

"I hope you'll still get your money when it's been so easy."

I rang the number right away because I could still hardly believe it. But Denilson answered—a soft, low voice, very Australian. He said he'd be in that evening if I wanted to see him; I didn't say what about and he didn't press me.

Electric train and tram got me down the coast to Brighton, from my two feet dragged me round to Easterleigh Road. It was a street of fine brick villas, worth about £5000, and I thought how wrong Wakeum had been when he'd thought that £200 would buy anything from this fellow.

Denilson himself opened the door. He was a short, thick man, perhaps middle-aged; his voice was even softer than it had been on the phone, and everything he said sounded careful.

His eyes were small and puffy behind thick-rimmed glasses. It was, frankly, an ugly face.

As we neared the door of the lounge, a woman slipped out and away to the back of the house, a thin old woman.

"My housekeeper," said Denilson. "Now, what is it you want?"

As soon as I mentioned I came from Wakeum, his head went back and he started laughing.

"Good old George! Is he broke or is he in the money?"

I said something about the house in Toorak, which tickled him all more; he had some joke about how far a sheep's back would take a man these days, then he stopped short.

"Is he married again?"

"I've no idea."

He snapped at me: "Don't waste my time, son. Is he married or not?"

"I don't think so."

That threw him into some reflection, though he watched me slyly. "How much," he said, "will he offer now?"

So he knew I'd come for the photo?

When I said "£20," he said "Well, well, well," as though mulling it at. "Imagine that. Last time it was £3/10/-, and he couldn't even raise that; but that was—thirteen years ago—a long time. Two hundred quid—that's very good of George. It shows what a he is, thought of his wife—doesn't it?"

It was a queer note he ended on. He got up from his chair to get a box of cigarettes, took one and stood there with it, his face away from me. And then I saw him take the cigarette in two with a man's force as you'd use on iron, and he ground it to shreds.

I remembered Wakeum's saying that Denilson might be bad to handle. Something else I disliked: the veins standing out in the forehead neck.

"He didn't dare come himself," he said quietly.

"No. Your name wasn't in the ordinary phone list. He didn't know how to start looking for you."

"He didn't dare come."

I was just thinking I'd been clear out and tell Wakeum to see his fellow himself when Denilson asked out of the room. Suddenly I jumped in my seat, because he started coming at the top of his voice outside the room.

For a second I couldn't make out



By EDWARD HARDING

ILLUSTRATED BY KEMBLE

... words and I knew he was out of his mind. Then they sounded like words after all, barking at the old woman to make some coffee. His voice was ghastly; I've not heard anything like it since.

I was determined to leave at once, but he came back, hands scrubbing his cheeks.

"Sit down, son. You're all right. She's dead." I knew it was a lie by the fast way his eye glanced up to see how I took it. "I've had a bad day at business," he said.

He almost pushed me down on the settee, plumping down beside me. His hands started working together while he watched them.

"He's a fool, not getting married again. I'm going to get married. I meet plenty of pretty girls working for me. I'm all right for money. I could marry any of them. You tell him that."

I said, straight out, that all Wakecum wanted was to know if he'd sell the enlargement.

"I don't know," he said, in that low, reasonable voice. "But look, I'll tell you about it, and you say if you'd sell it. He hasn't told you, has he?"

"No."

"He wouldn't."

He stopped again, and I said: "What about letting me see the enlargement, anyway? It's got me interested. I've only seen a faded little postcard."

That pleased him. "It's faded, eh? Good. But the big picture?" His eye went over me slowly. "No. I don't trust you, son. You've come in at the end, but it's been a long story and I've seen all the violence I want."

He touched my knee again and spoke in a friendlier way: "Not that I really think you'd try to steal it; but you can see it when Wakecum gets it—if I sell it to him. But you're right to be interested, son, because she was the loveliest woman that ever went on a photograph, and that enlargement I did, there's not a piece of beauty like it in Australia."

"A woman like that," he said, "in Woomilla. And not even in the township. He couldn't even afford a shack in that lousy little township. No, he took her to live out on a broken-down farm, miles from everybody—and he reckoned he was going to make a living that way."

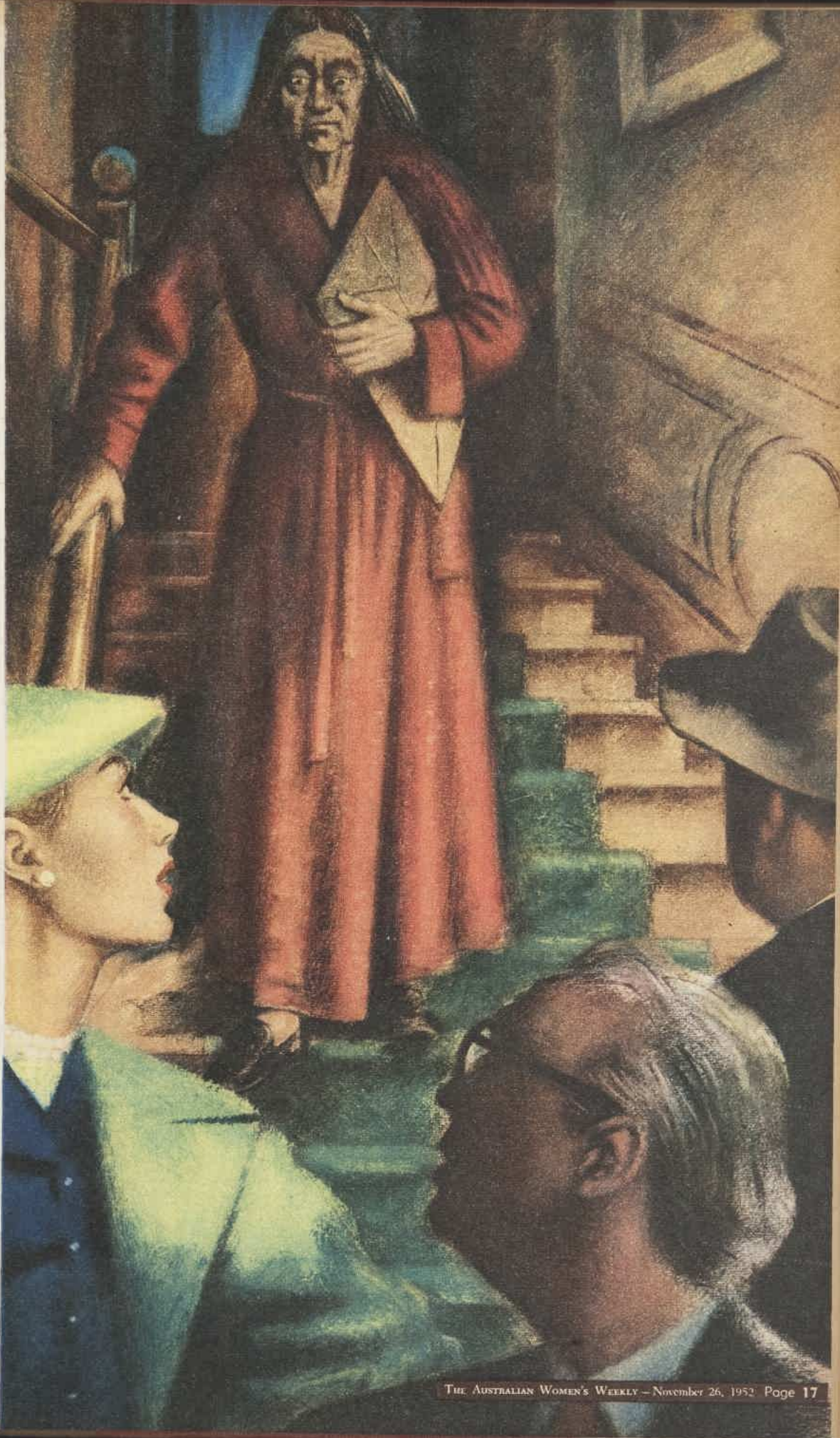
"Funny thing was, I'd known her since we were at school. Everybody thought she was going to marry me. I had a little business—a shop. Everybody was broke up there in those days, but I made enough to live; I could've kept her. But no: that wine turned up from nowhere and she married him; and it was all so quick the whole town laughed at me."

"Stupid fool, with his farm. The wind took every scrap of soil he had. But he wouldn't learn: he tried somewhere else, farther out still; and he was just getting some wheat up when the 'hoppers' came and he was finished again."

"That was what killed her — all those years—slow starvation — hard work. Never mind what fancy stories he tells you: he killed her!"

He was up at that, thudding to the door, and from his manner I guessed he was going to yell again, but he stopped, and came back.

Silently the three of them stared up as the old woman slowly descended the stairs, the parcel under her arm.



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Continuing . . . The Negative

loosening his tie, opening his shirt.

He said breathlessly, "Well, would you?"

"Would I what?"

"Would you sell it to him?" he barked viciously.

"I don't know," I said, getting up, moving nearer the door. "How did you get the photo, anyway?"

"How did I get it?" He calmed rapidly, began to smile—an awkward business with those eyes—and he waved me back.

"Wait, son. You're missing the funny part of the story. The photograph—well, now, he asked me to photograph the wedding. That shows the big blundering idiot he was: he didn't even know it was my girl he'd stolen. And me—I was so much out of my mind at the time—I went and photographed them; but there . . . and his voice went lower and lower, in amusement—"there I didn't make any mistake after all. Guess why, son?"

"Why?"

"Because he couldn't afford to buy the picture. He couldn't! I let him have that little stinking card; but the colored enlargement, the job I spent days on, the best work I did in my life—that was too expensive for him."

I had to wait till he finished laughing. "I must tell you, First it was 30/-, I saw that was a big blow to him. But when he raised that much I put the price up to £2, and every time he came in the price went up, you see. Ah, we had good times, George Wakeum and me.

"Even after he knew it was my girl he'd got, he used to come in and beg—a grown man—a tough farmer—begging for it, for her sake; and you know what I always said to him: 'The answer's in the negative, chum' . . . In the negative—how'd you like that?"

I didn't say. His voice and his expression were upsetting me too much.

"But listen, son. She used to come in as well. Oh, very nice, very friendly; but I knew she hadn't five shillings in her purse; but, oh, how she wanted that picture. I could see her changing, you know; losing her looks, thinner and thinner. She'd want the picture all the more, to see what she had been.

"Oh, she regretted marrying the wrong man, though she was too pig-headed to admit it. But I forgot to tell you," he said, amazed at himself. "The smartest touch of all. I kept the big photo in my window—the shop window—to let everybody see. That's what really broke their hearts."

"How?"

"How? Because everybody knew they couldn't raise money to buy it; and they knew why I kept it there; so Woolmilla folks had a good time. She gave up coming into town at all: couldn't face people. And you remember what I said before, about violence? There was plenty of that, too. Once he broke into my shop to get it. And the next thing, if the shop wasn't mysteriously burnt down—and the four next to it.

"They got him for it; but they couldn't prove it; they let him off. But it was like the last straw for her; they

tell me she was never right again after that. And neither was I," he added, richly, "cause you know what? The folk in the town started to take his side—lot of fools—and I had to clear out quick. Funny folks, country folks."

He gave a weird smile. "Well, now, would you sell, son?" And straight on without waiting: "I made them both pay, though, don't you think? They paid plenty for what they did to me: plenty . . ."

I caught the rising note in his speech, and for all his fixed grin I felt he was on the edge of something wild. I moved past him into the hall and said:

"You'll sell, then?"

"If he comes himself. Tell him, if he comes. We'll see what we can do to make things up to her. A nice photo of her as she was before he ruined her—that'll make her rest nicely, to think he's got it after all. Just what she needs."

He was still talking, low and excitedly, when I was down at the front gate and walking away.

Hardly anybody in the tram when it came; hardly anybody in the train: nobody I could sit beside and talk to about the weather or politics or the cricket scores. How I needed a lot of beers to clear that grisly story from my throat!

Back in Flinders St. I rang Edna up, told her briefly, asked if I should ring Wakeum up or sleep on it. Tell him right away, she said, and not to go with him back to Brighton, because there'd probably be a fight.

So I spoke to Wakeum on the phone, and I told him the minimum, too. He seemed to have no interest in the telephone number at Brighton though I repeated it for him. "Where are you now?" he asked.

"Flinders St. Station. Why?"

"I think we'll go down to see him right away. Will you come with us?"

"Oh . . ." I said. "Well—"

I was all ready to say it was pretty late; it was none of my business; I'd seen Denilson once that evening; I'd had enough of it all; but I knew I couldn't refuse, because with two men like that there'd have to be a third man there to keep the peace.

The big car wasn't long in coming. It was the rear door he opened, and I sat down beside the girl. Was he so anxious not to talk to me about what Denilson had told me?

Driving over the bridge, he passed an envelope back to me and said it was the rest of the money. I started talking about what the money was going to do for me until the whole thing seemed to sag; neither of them gave a hoot about me or my silly little house. They were both strung up tight, so I stopped.

Later, as we ran down the coast, with the lights of the bayside resorts winking across the still sea the girl said:

"You can't imagine what a wonderful thing you've done for us."

"It wasn't hard."

"This is all we came to Melbourne for. We thought it would take months."

"You're going up country again then?"

"No." She was vague. "I don't know. Daddy's done

with farming. We might go to England. I've got two uncles there. After that—I don't know."

"And what will you do?"

"Me? Look after Daddy. "You're not thinking of some sort of career—music, the stage, or something?"

With the slightest of smiles she said: "You are forgetting that I've been all my life on stations—mostly very little stations."

"Then you'll just have to get married."

When she made no reply I glanced sideways at her. A street light flickered over her face and showed how set and taut she was. Was she thinking about some young man she'd had to leave behind? I wondered how much the cancerous affair of an old photograph had gripped her life, too.

Down at Brighton Denilson opened the door to us.

From his lack of surprise I took it that Wakeum had rung him up. In fact, Denilson was beaming, a strange effort on such a face as his.

"Escort and all, George? Come on in!"

He started making a great fuss of seeing all three of us comfortable, and was fiddling with cigarettes and whisky when Wakeum said:

"You'll sell the picture?"

"Plenty of time. There's time, George." It was all so friendly. "I want to know how you made all your money."

"Fetch the picture. I've got the money here."

There was a flatness in the big man's voice that made me hope it would be over soon. He was breathing quickly; the girl kept watching him; I guessed Denilson had been drinking, and he probably felt like doing some cat-and-mouse. My own stomach hinted at trouble.

"Money, eh?" Denilson

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 26, 1952



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Continuing . . . The Negative

smiled. "What a pity you didn't have it twelve or thirteen years ago, George—remember?—that June—that winter when she should have had the doctor first?"

"You said you'd sell. Hurry up."

"Maybe I only wanted to see you again. Maybe I've changed my mind. Maybe the answer's in the negative—remember?"

All of a sudden he was up from the little table, stalking for the door, laughing out loud, and I found myself grabbing the girl's hand in case he went out there bawling, as he'd done before; but he didn't; he stopped, coughed a lot, then gurgled:

"You want to forget, George, don't you? You want me to forget. Wouldn't it be swell if we could forget all you did to her—and to me—the way you got me run out of town—his voice was going up and up and I knew he was going off this time."

"You swine," he shouted, "I should have killed you when I had the chance, not let you kill her—kill her slowly!"—he was banging his chest—and make a mess of my life—"

Then his hands shot out and he had Wakeum by the throat. For a second Wakeum's head went back and his face was twisted; the girl screamed and I jumped up, but her father got turned round somehow, and with a terrible blow of his fist he struck Denilson full in the mouth and knocked him rolling on the carpet.

Standing over him, Wakeum ground out:

"Get up and fetch the picture, quick!"

Denilson rubbed a hand over his mouth—the blow had cut his lips—and panted: "That's done it, George. The answer is in—"

Before he finished, Wakeum took him by the shoulders and shook him up and down, horribly, until the man's head flopped. A few more seconds, and Denilson was able to turn a hideous glare up at Wakeum and swear at him.

"You'll never see it now, George . . . the little girl there, she'll never see her mother—as she really was."

He slowed round to give the terrified girl a grimace, wiped his mouth again, and tried to speak normally: "Such a beautiful girl she was, my dear—and my photograph—ah!—the loveliest in the world . . . I caught all her sweetness, her gracefulness, as well as that beautiful face."

As he tried to rise, Wakeum thrust him down again.

"You want the boot?" Wakeum said. Suddenly he swung round on us and told me to take the girl out to the car. Jean cried that she wouldn't go, and she grabbed her father's arm, but he shook her off. He snarled at me to get her out.

"Remember?" he barked at the photographer. "The boot?—like I got it after the trial? Until you're ready to get up and fetch my picture—you get the boot!"

"Don't touch him!" screamed the girl, nearly past herself, and I tried to talk about the police.

"Take her out, son, will you? If I don't get it to-night, do you think I'll ever get it?"

"You can't kick him!" the girl cried.

"All right," he shouted,

knocking Denilson down on his knees again. "All right. You get out and let me—let me fight him. He'd like to fight me. But you two get out!"

I was trying to hustle the girl to the door, when she ran back to her father and said fiercely: "Listen, we can hunt for it, search the place. Don't knock him about. Keep him here and we'll find it; then leave the money and we can go . . . Can't we? No need to hit him any more . . ."

After a minute he agreed. "Get busy, both of you."

I didn't fancy it. It was too illegal. I stood there while she ran to the sideboard and started turning it out.

Denilson said breathlessly: "You're wrong, George. I haven't got it . . . it's in little pieces, years ago—little pieces—just like all of us have gone, all through you . . ."

He hunted around on the floor till he found his glasses and then crawled on the settee and half lay back, handkerchief at his mouth, watching the sideboard hunt: letters, packets, table linen, everything was gone through. Denilson seemed unmoved, although Wakeum would have prevented any action, had he attempted anything.

Just now and then the photographer tried calling out softly to the girl: "Don't take his side, honey . . . I knew your mother before he did . . ."

But it was a different matter when Wakeum said suddenly: "It won't be in here. Go upstairs, both of you, and turn out his bedroom!"

At that, the other struggled up, past him, and got to the door, nearly knocking me over. Wakeum grabbed at him and jerked him back.

"You can't go in there!" Denilson shouted. "I'll yell for help! I'll fetch the neighbors!"

"Hurry up," Wakeum told me, in a new excitement; and at my hesitation, "You needn't worry. He said he would sell. I'll pay him. Hurry up before he goes to pieces!"

Denilson had really started, yelling and cursing, when I went out, with the girl, to go upstairs. I fumbled around looking for a switch to light the staircase; the girl went up, before me.

But, while I was still feeling along the wall, wishing Denilson would stop his noise, I saw in the dimness that the girl was slowly coming down again.

There was somebody else, higher up the staircase: half-lit as it was, I could hardly see; then I saw it was the old woman, the housekeeper.

In the light from the room, Jean looked as white as chalk. I'd forgotten to tell them there might be somebody else in the house.

"It's all right," I whispered. "Only his housekeeper."

The old woman came down, slowly, to stand at the doorway, with us falling back in front of her. Wakeum stared. Denilson shut his mouth at last; there was silence.

"What's going on?" she barked. "Who's upsetting him now? Who are all you lot?"

"Don't let them go in my bedroom!"

"Who are you?" said Wakeum.

"Never mind who I am,"

She still barred the way out.

"What are you doing to him?"

"He said he'd sell me a photo . . . My wedding photo.

For two hundred pounds. Here's the money." He threw it down on the table. "Do you know where the photo is?"

She pushed back her scraggy hair, fixing her eyes on Denilson. He looked back at her queerly and begged her to make us go away. It seemed a long time that they looked at each other, and then she turned round and scurried off upstairs. It was a weird silence she left behind, until Wakeum said slowly to his enemy:

"If she's upstairs destroying it . . . I'll be sorry for you." Then, to me: "Here, you watch him. I'm going up to see what she's doing."

But as she heard his foot on the stairs she screamed down: "You come up here and you'll never get it, mister! You stay there, and you'll get it!"

We heard him stop; he came down and waited.

Then we went out to stand with him at the bottom of the stairs.

After a while she came out of the bedroom and made for the stairs, and came slowly down. She had a big, flat brown-paper parcel in her arms. She looked over at Denilson: his face seemed turned to stone; he hardly seemed to be breathing.

"You don't want this," she told him, harshly. "You don't want it any more."

When he said nothing, made no move, she snapped at Wakeum: "Take it away, quick. Don't open it here. Do it outside."

Carefully Wakeum took it, with a side glance of incredulous triumph at the trembling girl. We all moved out through the hall, and in a few seconds the heavy front door was slammed and bolted behind us.

Going to the car, the girl clung harder on my arm than anybody ever clung there before. Wakeum had his handkerchief out, scrubbing at his face. Under a street lamp I saw the sweat still on the top of his brow.

"Just a minute," he said. "Let's see if it's a trick of some sort."

He tugged at the string, got it loose, pulled the brown paper back. When he looked at the photograph inside I saw his head jerk back just like Denilson's had done when Wakeum had hit him, and the picture and brown paper slipped down to the pavement.

"Daddy, what is it?" She grabbed it up. She was half looking at it, half looking at her father, because his face was in his hands, bent over. But I saw the photo properly, and it was all that I'd imagined it: she was radiant, she was gloriously beautiful.

Then something cold went right through my heart, because the man at her side, the man supporting her arm like a bridegroom, it wasn't Wakeum at all: it was Denilson. Denilson, faked in to replace Wakeum, Denilson young and strong faced, touched up, hardly ugly at all, proud and smiling.

Oh, I got away. I never looked back: I kept walking, feeling sick, wondering if I'd be too late for a tram-car, and swearing to myself that no matter what things ever happened to me in the rest of my life I wouldn't let envy and hate get a start in me, not the tiniest start, so help me.

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MAURA DE COURCEY and American **JOHNNIE SEDLEY** realise they are in love soon after their meeting at the little holiday village where Maura has a week-end cottage and Johnnie is staying at The Stag Inn with his wife, **IRENE**.

They plan never to meet again, and Maura promises to marry her cousin **TOM**, knowing

that this will please her father, **DESMOND**, who has always ruled the lives of Maura and her brother, **CHRIS**.

After a chance meeting in London, however, they are unwittingly thrown together by Desmond. Johnnie asks Irene to divorce him, then sails away with Maura in her yacht, *Rainbird*. **NOW READ ON:**



"I wanted you, Maura, more than anything in my whole life," Johnnie told her quietly.

Daughter of the House

Fourth instalment of a
six-part serial by
CATHERINE GASKIN

JOHNNIE and Maura brought *Rainbird* into the harbor of Owend when the morning sun had already gathered some of its early brilliance. It shone harshly on the shipping, on the rusted sides of the cargo vessels; the screaming gulls, diving after refuse, were white in its washing flapping languidly on makeshift lines was bleached in it.

The sound of voices shouted in accents of ports all over the world. There were fresh smells every few minutes—dead fish on a pier, food cooking as they passed close to a tanker, and, as they came quietly, under power, to tie up at the bottom of a long flight of stone steps, the strange, greasy smell of wool bales.

"We'll go ashore for breakfast," Johnnie said. He looked at Maura. I guess this is where we stop thinking only about ourselves and make some kind of plans. There's Irene, and your father—and Tom."

She sat down suddenly beside the stateroom, her hands were clasped together and pressed between her knees.

"Johnnie, I'm not coming." He laid down his jacket. "What?" "I'm not coming. I can't come." He said quietly, "My dear, you've chosen the wrong side of the North Sea to tell me this."

"I know," she said wretchedly. "Oh, Johnnie, I'm sorry. I'm a rotten little cheat—I've cheated you so badly, so completely. I thought I could go through with it, and I can't any more."

She continued quickly: "Yesterday—last night it was different. All that was one life left behind and another

other not yet begun. My darling, I didn't know I'd be such a coward, such a cheat. You should have listened to me back in the Temple. You should never have trusted me in that mood yesterday morning."

"So the bright light of reality is shining on us now, Maura, and you don't like what you see? Is that it?"

"Don't say that. I didn't mean this to happen. But I should have known that in the end I couldn't go through with this." Between her knees her hands clasped and unclasped.

Johnnie looked at the hard sun on her dark hair and on her face, which had gone so suddenly white. Her eyes looked darker than he had ever seen them before. They had a stricken, glazed expression, and in her hunched shoulders he saw her misery.

He was touched and bewildered, not wishing to recognise that in this moment when he was losing her he could experience love for her in a completely new way.

He looked at her finely pointed face; the cheek-bones were sharp in her weariness. They were both going to suffer over this; the suffering was never quite going to be finished with for either of them. She had cheated—all that she had said was true. But was she more of a cheat than himself?

Who would not have known she would let him aboard yesterday morning? Who would not have known that then, if at no other time, she would have agreed? They had both cheated in the excess of their desire for each other. He felt pity for her stir in him.

"Forgive me," he said quickly.

She put her head against his, and he could feel her body shaken with the stress of her weeping.

"We'll both do a lot of this, Maura. We've been foolish and mistaken. But so much better to weep for it now than later."

"How could I have done this, Johnnie?"

"It's my fault," he said quietly, "because I should have known you well enough to understand that you meant all you said in the Temple. This could never have lasted between us. I think all my life I would have waited for the time when you began to regret. But I'm blind about the things I want. And I wanted you, Maura, more than anything in my whole life."

They looked at each other, with the bright morning sun harsh upon their faces, and heard the confused laughter of the gulls overhead. From a cargo vessel nearby someone tipped a bucket of refuse overboard. It hit the water with a heavy sound, and the gulls dived after it.

She said then, "What will you do?"

"Do?" He shrugged, but it was not in indifference. "Stay here, I guess. I don't think I can face England right now. Or Irene either. I shall tell Irene all this."

"Yes, you must. Tom must be told, too."

"Is that necessary?"

She nodded wearily. "It's too late not to be completely honest. Tom has the right to know. It will be the end of us together, and he must know

the full reason. I've cheated long enough."

"Four lives," Johnnie said, "is a pretty big roll to count because I chose to wander about Europe searching for some sort of salvation. But I would have found it with you, Maura. We would have worked it out together." Then he frowned.

"No, perhaps you were—you are—my salvation. Possibly I was meant to love you, lose you like this, in order to feel the prickle again, the irritant, to drive me on. Perhaps I'll learn to live at peace with myself. Or to know, finally, that there is no peace, and give up my probing. Whichever it is, I'll come to it soon."

They kissed longingly, hardly believing that this was the end of loving, and of themselves together.

She drew back from him at last.

"Can you forgive me for this?"

"Is there such a thing as forgiveness for the error of love? Has anyone the right to forgiveness?"

The tears she had checked threatened to begin again.

"Johnnie, go quickly. I can't bear it any longer."

He looked about him desperately. Still not quite relinquishing his hold of her, he looked about at the deserted piers overhead.

"I'll find someone to go back with you."

She shook her head. "I've managed *Rainbird* alone often."

"You'll be in trouble if there's a strong wind or seas. You're not fit to take her back alone. I'll find someone. If I look into enough eating places along here there'll be someone who'll go back with you."

He caught her back into his arms, and kissed her once, and this was only a shadow, a memory of their former kisses. It felt as if he had already gone.

"Good-bye, Maura."

He turned and picked up his jacket. She watched him reach out and grasp the edge of the stone steps and swing *Rainbird* in close. And she watched him as he mounted them, jacket over his shoulder, and started along the pier.

She didn't wait to see if he looked back, but went down into the cabin. It was dark there, and hot, and the sun on the water cast little glancing beams through the portholes.

Slowly she lay down on one of the bunks and her body seemed to tighten and shrivel and grow small in the apathy of her grief.

Her conscious need when she roused herself again was for a cigarette. She found only her own empty carton in the pocket of her slacks. She tossed it aside and moved swiftly to the galley cupboards.

They yielded nothing, so she started pulling aside the cushions, and found a package with two cigarettes. They were American, and the cellophane and wrapping was crushed as if Johnnie had left them beside him as he sat there, and afterwards, forgetting, had leaned back.

She lit one and went on deck. The brightness smote her eyes and, putting her fingertips to them, she could feel the irritation and soreness left by her weeping. She looked at her watch, and saw that it was more than two hours since Johnnie had left her.

The sun now burned down

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strongly. The activity of the port was going on all about her, and she sat and stared unseeing.

These two past hours had, she prayed, burned out the great and worst pain of his going. Never again in her life did she wish to know the intensity of such emotion. She knew that it was by no means past her forever, that again and again there would be sudden visitations of it, fierce and terrible.

But acceptance of the fact had been won; she would have to go on living with the aching loss of him, but she had wisdom enough to know it would lessen, if never completely die. The first thing was to believe the fact of his going, and belief had been reached in her two hours of torture.

Now she believed this, it was possible to see how life would change. She would no longer nurse a continual thought of Johnnie, a thought that in the past months had been near a hope.

She was lighting the remaining cigarette from the butt of the first when a voice hailed her gravely from the pier. She looked up and saw a fair boy of about nineteen in a thick seaman's jersey standing above her.

He said, in accented English, "You are the lady bound for Harwich?"

"Yes."

He said nothing more, but ran down the steps and pulled Rainbird in close on the hawser. "The American sent me," he said as he climbed aboard.

She judged him Scandinavian, and his English was better than a sailor's usually is.

"You are ready to go?" he asked. "We should not delay longer for this tide."

"Yes," she said, accepting him completely and finally because he was Johnnie's choice.

The gale that sprang up when they were outside held them in the North Sea for a day and a half, battling with sea-sickness and the futile hope of cooking on the galley stove or keeping water out of their food supplies.

Hendrick was capable—Maura knew in her weariness that she could not have completed the crossing without his skipping of Rainbird. Wrapped in stiff oilskins, they entered Harwich harbor near to dusk on the next day, with a fine mist drifting down under grey skies.

The village had not missed the fact of Maura's arrival three nights ago, or the presence of Johnnie's car at the anchorage. Maura pondered all this as she climbed the hill to the cottage in the rain with Hendrick. But its evidence met her plainly in the newly-laid fire in the sitting-room and the tins of food waiting in the kitchen. There was no fresh bread or milk, but she saw eggs in a bowl, and butter and sugar which had not been there before.

Village opinion, she thought, was undecided about her return, when it would be, and for how long. Nor would they know, with any certainty, that Johnnie had come alone in his car.

If anyone had marked her return with Hendrick in Rainbird, speculation would rage back and forth on his identity, and the matter of Johnnie's or Irene's non-appearance would be argued happily for months.

She recalled with faint wonder the time when she had considered this an easy price to pay for her acceptance in the village. It had grown up around her until now a curtain could not stir or a fire be lit out of season without this narrow world knowing of it.

Hendrick, beside her, stirred impatiently and gestured towards the eggs.

"I will cook them," he said. "I cook very well."

She remembered their hunger and their sickness on the passage back. "Yes, if you can."

At the same time she was aware of the discomfort of her wet clothes, and grateful for the bodily tiredness that would make it possible to sleep without thoughts of Johnnie.

They ate Hendrick's supper of omelette and biscuits, with timed peaches and strong black coffee. He took her praise of it calmly, as if he were already old and there were many years of such meals behind him. But his youth showed also in his quick smiles, which seemed unable to subdue.

"Hendrick," she said, when they were banking up the fire, "do you want to go back to Ostend? There are steamers from here to Holland."

He laid the coal on carefully, then looked at her. "Do you go to London?" he asked. "You have a car?"

"Yes. I'm going back to-morrow."

"Then I would be very pleased to go with you."

She nodded. "When you get to London what will you do?"

"I will manage, thank you. There is always something for a sailor to do."

She could ask him no more questions, but said good-night.

In bed, she lay for a long time staring wide awake into the darkness. In time then, she made her own plans. They would leave very early in the morning, and after dropping Hendrick she would go straight to Tom's rooms.

MAURA found Tom at breakfast. He rose from the litter of newspapers to greet her.

"Maura, come in. Have you just come from the cottage?"

She nodded and dropped into the chair he drew up. "Yes, I left very early."

He was unshaven, and still wearing pyjamas and dressing-gown. He sat down again, with a gesture offering her coffee. She shook her head and he poured his own.

When he had finished stirring the coffee he said, "I've been expecting you."

"Why?"

"You went away rather suddenly, Maura." He gave the faintest shrug. "I'm not usually the sort of person who asks for explanations—particularly from you. But I felt that you would come and tell me why you went down. I wasn't surprised to see you here this morning—though I'd hardly expected you before the end of the week."

"Tom, I . . ."

He cut her short. "Before you say anything, I should tell you that I know Johnnie hasn't been in London since he telephoned Hanover Terrace on Saturday evening and found you'd gone to the cottage."

She said dully, "Did you think that had anything to do with me?"

"I was almost certain it had a great deal to do with you. Johnnie is in love with you."

She looked at him steadily. "You say almost certain. But that's all. How did you know it was the truth? There was nothing in my life for you to discover, nothing that I had hidden from you to find out. You know as well as I do, Tom, that I never saw Johnnie outside of Hanover Terrace when there weren't at least four other people with us."

"Have you ever thought it was possible to fall in love in the middle of a crowd? Johnnie is in love with you, all right. I've seen it all the winter."

"If you saw it, why didn't you do something about it—why did you wait?"

"I'm not a child, Maura, full of momentary jealousies. In any case I wasn't certain about what you felt—I knew there was something there, but

how strong it was or how deeply it touched you I didn't know. I've spent the winter adding up all the pieces."

He sipped at his coffee, and she, watching him, saw the agitation which he had brought under control, saw him gathering his thoughts to say what he wanted, simply and clearly.

"I don't know if you wanted to love one another," Tom went on, "but I began to see after Christmas how the attraction never left you alone. You talked to different people, but it was always for one another; you avoided looking at one another, but you were always aware of every movement. I began to see that you were pulled in a way that must have been almost impossible to resist."

"Then you had no right to wait, Tom. You were wrong to wait even a day after you knew all this."

"Perhaps you're right. But I knew, besides that, you weren't seeing Johnnie alone. I knew you were as honest as you seemed to be. Was I going to 'take fright over a situation which wasn't really a situation at all? I preferred to wait and to trust you. And to go ahead with your plan to get married in July."

She said, "I haven't been worth that much trust, Tom."

"Tell me."

She hesitated, then did as he asked.

"You were right," she said, "in believing that I have never seen Johnnie alone. I hadn't—not until last Saturday. He came to the Temple when I was there in the afternoon."

And she told him, struggling with her desire to hold it to herself, all that had happened. Finally she said slowly, "But my madness wasn't permanent. I became sane too soon for myself—and much too late for you and Irene. So, you see, I'm back. And Johnnie—he knows where he's gone."

"Is it all finished between you, Maura?"

"Quite finished, Tom."

"Does Johnnie understand that?"

"He understands as much as he can be made to that it's impossible for me to marry him while Irene is alive."

He was silent for a very long time, and motionless. She listened to the silence and waited for him to end it. It seemed to bank up behind her, but it was neither surprised nor charged with reproach. She wished that she could say more to him, but her words had all been said, and this telling of her love for Johnnie had hurt her more than she had expected.

Until these moments of telling Tom that it was at an end, there had still seemed a fantastic, foolish hope left to her. But now that was dead.

At last there was the sound of Tom's chair scraping on the floor; he came and stood beside her. She turned to face him.

"Maura," he said, "do you remember I once told you about the girl I loved, the Italian girl, Gena?"

"Yes."

"You must understand there wasn't anything unique in the way you loved Johnnie. I have felt it for Gena. There wasn't anything I wouldn't have done if she'd wanted. Not many people love in the exclusion of everything else, and even you didn't succeed in that. You're back here and you're throwing all your future life away in futile attachment for this mischance."

"Mischance?"

"The mischance," he said, "of loving Johnnie when you can't marry him—of loving you. The mischance of Gena being killed in Florence."

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She's dead, Maura, and you might as well make up your mind that Johnnie is as much lost to you as if he were dead also."

She was silent. Feeling the tight aching in her throat, she turned away from him. But he caught her arm and pulled her back.

"Maura, why shouldn't we go on just as we were?"

She made to answer him, but the words died in her throat.

"If you come to Rathbeg with me—if you marry me—you'll forget him. Time wears out one's tragedy. And I understand about it. I wouldn't force you to forget him or blame you for remembering. It's your chance of peace."

She suddenly reached out and caught the sleeve of his dressing-gown.

"Tell me, Tom, truthfully, what you feel about me. I don't want half-truths—it's important that I have the whole. It's the most important thing left to me."

His own hands sought her shoulders, held her there in a gesture that was full of affection and a little tenderness also.

"You know that I don't love you," he said. "Not in the way I loved Gena. But if there is any other kind of love—then you have it. I like you tremendously—I like to talk to you. And I admire you because you're elegant and controlled, and you have quite a lot of wisdom."

"And when you came back from the cottage at the end of last summer," he said, "you were changed. I couldn't have known anything about what had happened to you—I didn't know about Johnnie—but you'd lost your aloofness, that trace of . . . it was almost an inhumanity which you seemed to wear."

He added, "You were always a little smug and too wrapped

Continuing Daughter of the House

up in your own life. But you'd suddenly then come down to earth, and you didn't mind the earthiness of the rest of us any longer. And if you have broken your heart over Johnnie, it's made you more lovable to the rest of us."

"Was I . . . aloof? I didn't know."

"A little. You were Desmond's daughter, and he'd always grabbed too much of your life. You didn't understand people or why they behave as they do. It was good to see the change in you, and I had a sudden picture of our lives together, how it would be at Rathbeg. It fitted perfectly . . . it still fits."

"Still—even now?"

"Perhaps more than before. You're not faultless any more; you've had to ask for forgiveness for something. You've broken away from Desmond. Even if it didn't last long, you've made a break, and he can't ever possess you wholly again."

She said, "But I'm not the only woman who could give you those things. There could be others, Tom—without complications!"

Tom shook his head. "I don't imagine that. Other women would expect the sort of love I couldn't give—and I'm tired of explanations. And I wouldn't want a woman who is insensitive to the absence of love . . ."

He broke off, saying quickly, "Maura, does this seem unnecessarily brutal and clear-cut? You've asked for the truth, and I'm giving it to you. I'm not offering you the sort of love you should be offered. It doesn't exist in me any longer. But you'll be far closer to Rathbeg than any other woman could be. Will you come?"

"I don't know."

"You must decide now." "Give me time. I don't know."

"The decision won't be any easier in a day or a month. What you've got to decide is whether, right here and now, you'll make a step to forget about Johnnie, or whether you'll just let yourself drift. It's as simple—and as drastic—as that."

Maura had no answer. He looked at her pale face, intent upon his own, and saw its bewilderment.

"Maura, can I put it like this—I might have loved you if it hadn't been for Gena. You might have loved me if you had never known Johnnie. We're quits. Could you marry me on that? We won't wait until the end of July. I could finish up this job in two or three weeks. Will you marry me—in six weeks from now? In five weeks, Maura?"

She spoke at last.

"If that's what you want, Tom . . . then, yes, I will. I shall behave as if Johnnie never happened. But you and I know that he did happen, and that's going to color our lives, no matter what the rest of the world thinks. It's your bargain, Tom."

He turned from her. "I'll shave and take you home."

And as he turned away she was conscious of the thought that Desmond was saved from his disappointment . . .

Instead of going home, Maura and Tom went to see Desmond in the Temple. Even in his surprise at their arrival, Maura could see him look with disfavour at the wrinkled flannel skirt and stained raincoat she had worn during the drive up from the cottage.

She sat down in the chair facing her father; Tom remained standing behind her.

"We thought we'd come and tell you," Tom said, "that we want to get married soon—in a month."

"That is rather sudden — might I ask why?"

"Why?" Tom said. "Because we've decided we want to. That's a good enough reason."

"I see. You've been constantly together for four years—you've been engaged since last autumn—and now you suddenly decide you'll be married in a month."

"Surely it's our own concern if we want to do it?"

"Oh, quite. But I happen to need Maura just now. I don't think she can be spared so soon from work here."

"I happen to need her as well."

"I'm prepared to admit that perhaps you do, Tom. But what about your job?"

"My job? There are dozens of men to fill it as soon as I go. I've never pretended to anyone that it's been in any way important—except that I'll know more about running Rathbeg economically by having stuck it out here at the Ministry—but the job itself . . ."

There was much more of it between them, the words flying back and forth across her head, and it seemed strange that Desmond, who had always wanted her to marry Tom, should fight to hold her just these few weeks longer. There was talk of going to Ireland.

"The Ministry would let me go in a couple of weeks if I wanted to press the point," Tom said. "I could go to Rathbeg and settle things there—come back here for the wedding. Perhaps Maura would like to come with me?"

Desmond turned to her. "What do you say to that?"

Would you like to go with Tom to Rathbeg?"

"Yes," she said, suddenly knowing how much she wanted it. "Yes, I'd like that very much."

"Then," he said, "you must suit yourself."

She watched him finger the pen lying on the desk before him, and wondered why she could feel so detached. It seemed to her that she had sacrificed Johnnie for love of her father, and now he seemed no longer worthy of what she had done.

As he began fussing over wedding invitations and who was to make her gown, she saw him as the farm boy who had come to Trinity, made ambitious and excited by the brilliance he occasionally glimpsed. She wished she might tell him he was making himself a little ridiculous.

Tom, however, delivered her from the plans.

"Maura and I would like to be married quietly," he said.

Desmond looked up from the notes he had begun to make.

"It seems to me," Tom went on, "that if we can't have just a moderate-sized wedding, we'd better have the smallest one possible. I don't see the point in having hundreds of acquaintances obscuring one's few friends."

Desmond glanced at Maura. "Is that what you want?"

It hadn't occurred to her that there was a possibility of having anything but what Desmond himself wanted over this matter until Tom had spoken; now she grasped the opportunity he had made for her.

"I'm tired, father," she said. "I want a rest much more than the strain of a fussy wedding."

His gaze went from one to the other—from Tom's set ex-

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pression to Maura's one of aloofness. For the first time she saw him enmeshed. He shrugged his shoulders grimly.

"Well, of course, if you've decided that, there's nothing more to be said." He shuffled the papers on his desk. He was defeated and angry, and as with everything that was in personal life, he was bad at hiding it.

A breath of agitation, something close to fear, crept through the room at the sound of the voices. They could hear the footsteps on the stairs. Chris laid aside his book, looking to-

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C. Gay, garden-fresh Cotton makes this colorful SUN-FROCK and BOLERO for not-so-slim figures. Designed on slenderising lines in the popular button-through style, with pleats in skirt, and long fitted jacket, which transforms the casual style into a smart afternoon frock. Sizes: W, SWS, OS. Price, 67/6.

D. This year's Fashion Derby Winner—PIQUE—has been selected to create a delightful SHIRT and SHORT combination, in newest pastel shades to be mixed or matched according to your whim. The SHIRT features a 2-way neckline, breast pocket and fancy sleeveless shoulder; The SHORTS have a 24 inch waistband, side zipp fastener, fob pocket, and stitched-in creases. Sizes: SSW, SW, W. Shades: White, New Pink, Sky Blue and Green. Price: Shirt, 22/6; Shorts, 22/6.

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KEEPS
THE
SKIN
HEALTHY!

Solyptol Soap

"IF IT'S FAULDING'S—IT'S PURE"

Page 26

Continuing . . . Daughter of the House

wards the door. Before it opened, Tom had stubbed out his cigarette and restrained himself from turning sideways to glance at Maura's face.

But he could see her hands, the tense, betraying hands which clenched and unclenched in the few seconds which remained to her. Then he stood up as the butler opened the door and announced Irene.

Maura rose slowly, because she hadn't the courage to pretend that she wanted to see Johnnie's wife. In the ten days since her return from the cottage she had half-believed that this interview would come, that in honesty and fairness she would have to seek it, but now, with Irene before her, the situation was too unreal to admit belief.

She thought that somehow the conventions would prevail and they would say nothing of consequence to each other, but the hope died instantly with her reading of the other woman's expression.

Irene stood now before them, not replying to their greetings, but looking from Tom to Chris.

"Would you mind if I talked to Maura alone?" she said.

Chris smiled at her, his affection for her in his smile. "I would have had to ask you to excuse me, in any case, Irene. I've got all this stuff to read through this evening." As he spoke he collected the books and papers that had filled the sofa beside him. He nodded to the others.

"Good-night, Tom." And to Maura, "I'll see you afterwards." And then another smile to Irene. "Good-night."

When the door closed behind him, Tom spoke.

"Maura, I'll phone you in the morning."

Maura appeared to hesitate, then she turned to Irene.

"I'd like Tom to stay. Do you mind . . . we're going to Ireland to-morrow, to Rathbeg. I don't think there can be anything you want to say that he shouldn't hear."

Irene answered slowly, "Tom might not want to hear it all."

"I think I've heard from Maura as much as you can tell me," he said. "I'd like to stay."

She looked from one to the other, the firm line of her mouth slackening a trifle, as if she was in doubt. "It makes it all so much simpler." And to Maura she said, "You're right to tell him. Yes . . . it's much better."

Then she sat down, her movement unconscious, so that they remained standing and gazing down upon her.

In the midst of her own fear Maura felt pity and admiration stir for her, because she had come to meet the situation while dreading it, and was conquering it.

Irene raised her head at last. "Do you know where Johnnie is?" she said.

Maura was aware only of her utter reluctance to say anything, to attempt to answer the question. For a moment her gaze moved to Tom, and he was looking at her, and not helping her, just waiting. She despised her weakness and could not control it.

"I saw Johnnie last in Ostend," she said. She shrank from the words, and they fell lamely.

Irene rose to her feet with a gesture of protest. "But Johnnie has been back. I saw him the night before last."

Her animation left her as rapidly as it had come. "I counted so much on his seeing you. I didn't believe that he would have gone without seeing you once."

"Gone where?" Tom said, before Maura could speak.

"Where?" she repeated.

"That's what I don't know. I don't suppose Johnnie himself knows where." She added dully, "But he's gone, and all of that's over. But it's over for you as well as for me."

She drew in her breath deeply and said, "Maura, he told me about you—about him coming down to the cottage, about going to Ostend. Johnnie didn't take it very well. He doesn't understand how anything can be more important than the person you love. I don't understand very well, either. For Johnnie I would have done anything. And yet you say you love him."

She talked in a curious, monotonous tone, as if she had no listeners and was speaking aloud the thoughts that obsessed her. Maura wanted to cry out and halt the words that came from her unchecked. They hurt and wounded, brought up too vividly the memories of Johnnie's bewilderment.

It was cruel for them both, cruel also for Tom and the newly adjusted balance of their relations. And yet it had the quality of inevitability—the action that demanded to be done, the energy that must be spent before a hope of peace.

"But then you do love him," Irene went on. "You and Johnnie . . . I suppose you're the kind of people they say are made for one another. The kind of love that doesn't need a reason or an excuse—it just

happens to be that way. No one else!" she broke off.

"Do you realise this, Tom?" she said. "No one else stands a chance against a thing like that. I often think about it—two people who were meant to come together and no chance or mischance on earth is going to stop them. The people who stand on the sidelines—like myself, like you, Tom—should know there's going to be a crash and get out of the way as gracefully as possible."

Still in that curious voice, she went on, "I suppose when you marry a person you know doesn't love you in the way you love him, you're never free of the fear that this may happen. You go on in the usual way, never knowing, always wondering, and one day you see a look on his face for another woman you've always wanted for yourself. Marriage is finished after that—it's only a muddled pretence."

"That's what I've seen all winter. And when Johnnie asked for a divorce he seemed to think he'd got to explain all this to me—as if I didn't know. He tried to tell me what his love was like—as if I didn't know it all, as if I hadn't loved him like that since the first time I saw him."

Maura tried to speak, but couldn't.

"He told me about you in the Temple, and on the trip to Ostend," Irene went on. "Johnnie cried to me that he loved you, and you wouldn't go with him. Now it's all gone, and he doesn't care about anything. He doesn't care whether I divorce him or not, whether he goes back to his job. I can go on calling myself his wife if I want to, and that doesn't matter to him, either."

Her ungloved hand stretched out and gripped the mantelshelf.

"I'm going away," she said. "I've made up my mind since I saw Johnnie."

"Where?" Tom said.

She lifted her head a little in surprise. "I'm not sure. France . . . I think." She added



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NESTLÉ'S PRODUCTS

NEXT BEST TO NATURAL FEEDING

Beauty in brief:

Hot-weather hints

By CAROLYN EARLE

● A practical tip for a cool look in the heat is — don't get up steam, especially early in the day.

IF your skin flushes easily in humid weather, it's a good idea to take a deep cool to tepid bath, washing in a leisurely way and patting yourself dry.

Then—this is what does it—allow yourself to "settle" for a few minutes before dressing and putting on your make-up.

As far as you are able, try to keep your whole day running at an even tempo.

Keep a watch, too, on your summer diet if your face has a tendency to burn after meals or hot drinks. Avoid drinking too much liquid with meals, and for the time being sidestep fried, spiced, and buttered foods, strong tea, and hot beverages.

Drink fruit and tomato juice rather than alcoholic beverages.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 26, 1964

Continuing . . . Daughter of the House

Johnnie should know I'm going."

Her eyes wandered from Tom to Maura, and back again. And then Tom made certain of it as she entered—that when she first entered—that the seeking of news of Johnnie was merely a pretext, half valid, half false, because she had been determined to see Maura. She would have come without a reason if she had needed to.

He guessed that in her confusion and pain she had not completely believed in her final parting from Johnnie until she had confirmation of it from Maura's own lips. Had she hoped, Tom wondered, that somehow Maura would deny Johnnie's story of the trip to Desmond? Was she still searching for a grain of comfort somewhere in all of this?

She fought her tendency to hysteria and despair bravely, but it showed in actions like these.

"But you don't know where he is, do you?" she said, her voice rising a little. "Nobody knows."

She turned and her other hand gripped the mantel.

Sell with her back to them she raised her head and said, "I must know where Johnnie is because I have to tell him I'm going to have a child."

Tom came nearer to her, nervously touched her outstretched arm.

"Why haven't you told Johnnie? If you had told Johnnie—even two weeks ago—you would have changed all this. He would never have gone to Maura . . . Johnnie would never have done that."

She said, with passion, "Would you, when a man is asking you for a divorce because he loves another woman, would you cry to him that you were going to have his child? Would you hold him so you because he was honorable, because he wouldn't desert you?"

Tom gripped her arm more firmly, as though he might be tempted to shake her. "Irene, you can't think of going away. You've got to give Johnnie his chance. You can't make plans until you've seen him. No one believes like that, Irene."

"Oh, what's the use," she cried. "Why bother talking about it? You know as well as I do that it's all finished."

Maura ran her tongue over dry lips.

"Irene," she said, "you must think about it more. You must let Johnnie take you back to New York."

At her words Irene turned abruptly, the soft hearth rug rattled with her movement. Her hands were now still by her sides. It seemed as if Maura's voice, after so long a silence, had shattered the force of her restraint.

"I can't go back with him," she cried. "Oh, can't you see why I can't go back with him? Because Johnnie's child may be colored!"

They didn't want to look at her face. It was terrible, with tears running down it. She looked almost ugly when she cried, and older. There was such pain in her face, and a different, older knowledge than she had ever betrayed before.

But at last her passion spent

itself, worn down by its very force. She took a handkerchief and wiped her wet cheeks.

"It didn't seem wrong at the time," she said. "I didn't think of it as wrong. Since I was never have a child. Believing that, it didn't seem wrong to marry him without telling him . . . and I loved him so much. He said he didn't mind about having no children."

She twisted the sodden handkerchief, pulling at it with the frenzy of her hands. Desperately she needed to talk. Now, with the first words spoken, the rest came out automatically.

"I've lived all the part of my life I can remember in the town called Moreton, in Georgia. I think I went there when I was five, after my mother and father were killed in a street accident in New York. My grandfather was half-caste, the son of a negress and a white, whose father had left Ireland in the potato famine."

"Grandfather had brains—I suppose he was a pretty good teacher, but he was colored and poor, and there never is much chance for people like that. I remember how kind he was to me—unbelievably kind—and because my mother had married a white man he knew long before I did how tough things might be for me."

"He had ambitions for me, wanted me to go to college—I think he wanted me to teach. But I was afraid of it, and when I finished at high school I worked in a bookshop in Moreton. A year later, Grandfather died and I went to live with an uncle and his family, but we didn't suit each other."

"Someone had told me once I could be a model. So I went to New York. I wasn't tall enough to interest the dress designers, and Moreton hadn't taught me how to wear clothes, so I got jobs when they needed pictures of a girl in a cotton dress."

"Fortunately they needed a lot of girls in cotton dresses, so I made enough money to live on. But I was so lonely I wanted to die every night when I got back to my room."

"Then one of the girls at the model agency asked me to share an apartment. She didn't ask who my people were and I'd had enough of living alone. Four of us shared the apartment, and I was living there when I met Johnnie."

"I met Johnnie because he almost ran me down one Sunday morning on 58th Street. The wind had blown off my hat and I ran in front of his car to chase it. He swerved and went into a lamp-post. The front of his car was smashed in and he was very angry with me."

"I was so frightened I sat down in the gutter and cried. I think my crying made him worse, but he waited until they came and took his car away, and then he took me back to the apartment in a cab."

"There wasn't anyone in the apartment, and he discovered there wasn't much in the ice-box. He made me come and eat lunch with him. I suppose I fell in love with him that first day."

"I knew Johnnie didn't love

me in the way I loved him, but I imagined we would be happy together. I knew his family and what Johnnie felt about continuing as head of the business, and in all of that I was prepared to agree with whatever he wanted."

"All along I suppose I knew that his people didn't altogether approve of his marrying me, and that made Johnnie all the more determined to do it. I'd never known anyone as kind and simple as Johnnie, or anyone I wanted to be with as much. I believed I could make him happy, and if I cheated about not telling him about grandfather it was because I thought it could never matter to us."

"My child may be colored," she went on, "and that fact—even if Johnnie had never fallen in love with you—would make it impossible to go back to New York. There isn't any reason why Johnnie should suffer for a situation he never sought."

"And now I've got to see Johnnie and tell him. And I'm afraid of that—I get sick when I think of facing him and telling him what I've done."

She began to gather up slowly her handbag and gloves. Now she spoke directly to Maura.

"I wanted to talk to you. Perhaps more than I quite understood myself. I suppose I wanted to come again and see you and understand what it was that made Johnnie love you. There were things to say to you . . . and, of course, I've told you . . ."

She turned swiftly to Tom. "I've told you far, far more than I ever intended you should hear. But you, Maura, you haven't said anything. You've said nothing of Johnnie, nothing of yourself. The way I think about it, you're unworthy of him because you don't love him enough. You love other things more—but, of course, Johnnie doesn't see that."

She moved towards the door. "I want to go before Sir Desmond comes in. And you must promise never to tell him anything I've said to-night. He's been so kind—all the winter. He will be sorry about me and Johnnie, but it's you that he adores, and he wanted your marriage so much."

Tom said, "Maura and I are being married in three weeks."

Irene looked at him. "You know, don't you, that she is still in love with him? Even if she has sent him away, she still loves him, and because she can't have him she'll go on loving him as long as she lives."

They didn't try to stop her leaving.

At the door she said without turning, "Good-bye."

They stood still and listened deliberately to the sounds of her going downstairs and the final slam of the front door. Maura even half imagined she could hear the sounds of her footsteps on the pavement outside, but she knew this was not so.

Then she sat down and stared into the fire, hands clasped before her, not speaking to Tom, and not moving, until later, much later, Desmond came home.

To be continued

By RUD

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

ROAD SHOWS ARE A NUISANCE. WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE VIEW?



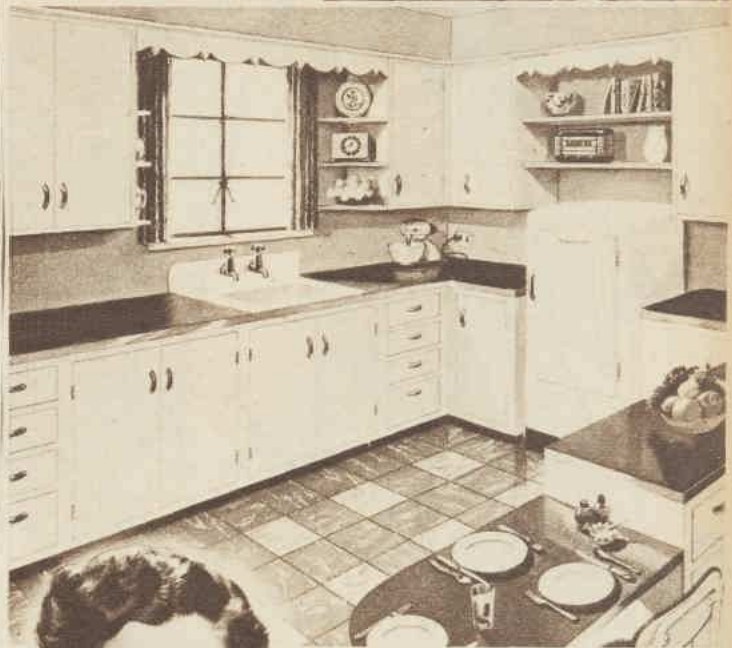
OH, I DON'T KNOW! NOW THAT ONE OVER THERE, ISN'T IT ATTRACTIVE?



MY DEAR! THAT IS THE SCENERY!!



My kitchen was a wreck!



This is how lovely it looked a fortnight later—

ALL DONE WITH TIMBROCK

"My kitchen was a wreck a fortnight ago but this is how it looks today. I saved up all my magazine cuttings of smart kitchen cupboards and table ideas and had them carried out

in C.S.R. Timbrock. I had no room for a separate eating nook but I was even able to carry out this marvellous little idea for a combined kitchen table, snack bar and shelves with Timbrock."

(By the way—I also installed a beautiful floor of C.S.R. Floor Tile. So easy to clean and costs so surprisingly little.)

What is C.S.R. TIMBROCK?

"Timbrock" is natural wood made stronger and flexible. Can be shaped around corners. Grainless. Splinterless. Lasts a lifetime when used for doors, built-in furniture, panelling and other modern interior uses. Attractive honey color or takes any paint finish. White-ant and borer proofed.

TWO TYPES OF TIMBROCK: (1) Interior use. —(2) Tempered Timbrock for exterior walls and bathrooms.

From Timber Merchants and Hardware Stores in 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 14 feet lengths by 4 feet 6 inches wide, 1/8 and 3/16 inch thicknesses.



TIMBROCK

Product of THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD., Building Materials Division Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth.



Candy Colors

● Beach cover-up is made in an outsize square of emerald-and-white striped terry cloth. The edge is finished with a thick white cotton fringe.

● Widely striped one-piece cotton beach dress, above, has a strapless fitted bodice-top tied to one side with a huge self-material bow. The flared skirt, for a special occasion, can be bolstered out with a stiffened petticoat.

● Pink-and-white lattice-check is chosen for the cool summer cotton, top centre. The moulded bodice is sleeveless and has a draped wide-open neckline. The skirt is gored.

● Close-fitting, tapered, calf-length treader pants, above, are made in chic blue-and-white printed cotton. The minute cross-over strapless tie-on bra is in matching print in pink and white.

● Sleeveless circular-cut beach wrap, left, made in lilac terry cloth. A self belt runs through slots and "waists" the coat in front. Shaped twin pockets are the only trimming.

the Beach

● Cherry-red beach shirt, left, is belted in white canvas. The model has a wide, scooped-out collared neckline and three-quarter-length cuffed sleeves.

● Topless one-piece swimsuit, right, designed on form-fitting tailored lines. The cuffed top and skirt edge are trimmed with white cotton braid in a scroll design.

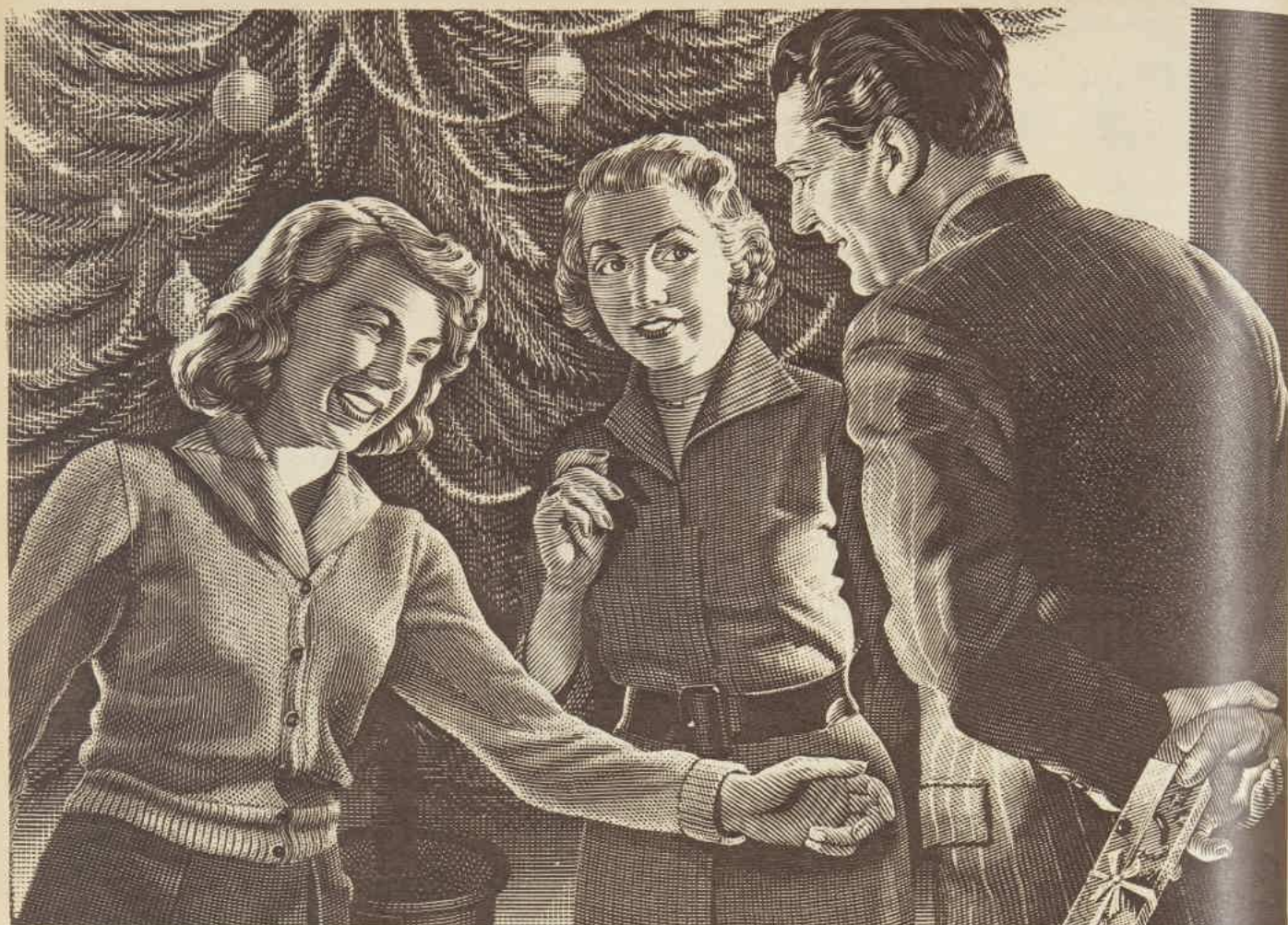
● Coin-spot linen one-piece, above, features mint-green and white. Fitted bodice has a cuffed halter-top, the gores skirt has an unusual placement of six pockets.

● Lime and pink are combined in the pleated thigh-length sundress, right. The tie-on apron-like overskirt matches the shaped bra top.

● Honey-beige straw is used for the ultra large sou'wester, right, designed for the beach. The edge is deeply frayed out and the model is shaped to protect the wearer's back from the sun.



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"Happy Christmas—with love—for a lifetime"

There are very, very few Christmas presents that will let you say that. That will be used every hour of every day of every year from now on.

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Give a fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch—with the help of a jeweller.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



Australian writer's success

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Life is running smoothly for Australian playwright Ralph Petersen, whose first play, "The Square Ring," is a tremendous hit in London.

A publisher wants him to turn it into a novel, film companies are bidding for the screen rights, and eminent actor John Mills is said to be anxious to take over the leading role when the play moves into a bigger theatre.



PLAYWRIGHT Ralph Petersen and his actress wife, Betty, are making firm progress in the British theatrical world.

LAGONIC, casually dressed Ralph, who sports a moustache that requires only one good season to make him look like a young Rudyard Kipling, is a former Sydney radio-writer who left Australia 18 months ago. He originally came from Adelaide.

His actress wife, Betty Lucas, is also moving along nicely in the British theatre world. After touring with Nottingham repertory, she recently played in the London production of "The Loving Emu".

"The Square Ring," which took Ralph only three weeks to write, is tense and tough, and is certainly not for the squeamish.

The entire action takes place in the dressing-room of a boxing stadium. The fighters hang about waiting, leave for their bout in the ring, and return back—or are carried—bruised and bloodstained.

When it opened in mid-October it got "rave" notices. Almost every leading English critic singled it out for praise. A single exception was the "Manchester Guardian," which gathered up its skirts

and sniffed at the play's "brutality."

John Mills saw it on the second night and immediately developed a strong interest in it. The theatrical grapevine tips he will take the lead if the play transfers from its present theatre to one of the big-time West End theatres for a long run.

Central character is an ageing former champion trying for a comeback because he needs money. With tragic results, he tries to delude himself into believing that his old skill will return once he is back in the ring.

He shares the dressing-room with a team of "prelim. boys"—an oddly assorted bunch trying to break into the fight game for money, and money only.

Ralph Petersen learned a fair amount about the boxing world "hanging around" gymnasiums, boxing stadiums, and prizefighters while gathering "atmosphere" for his radio serial "Come Out Fighting," broadcast by the A.B.C. during 1950 and 1951.

He left Australia in April, 1951, to cover the Persian oil crisis.

"But the whole crisis blew up while I was on the way," he said.

"By the time I was due to arrive, half the world's wandering newspapermen had picked the whole thing clean."

So he tiptoed past Persia and came on to England, where writing his boxing serial for the A.B.C. kept him occupied for the first few months.

He also wrote features for the B.B.C. Then a B.B.C. executive told him that the only people writing for radio in England were those who could not write successful plays or films.

"That was a challenge," Ralph told me dryly. "So I sat down and wrote this play."

"The only theatre man I knew here was Anthony Quayle, who did the narration on my A.B.C. verse feature, 'The Story of Johnny Flowercake,' when he was in Australia with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company."

"I showed the play to him. He liked it and passed it on to a leading London theatre management, who promptly snapped it up."

The cast of "The Square Ring" is all male.

Max Factor £500 contest

In our issue of November 5 the entry coupon for our Coronation Contest was, through an oversight, printed on the reverse side of a coupon for the £500 "Fresh, Young, Natural Look" contest.

THIS may have inconvenienced readers who wish to enter both contests.

To enable them to do so we reprint the Max Factor Contest coupon below.

First prize in this contest is £250, and all you have to do is fill out the coupon containing your suggestion and post it to the address as given.

Second prize is £100, third £30, and fourth £20.

There are also 10 prizes of £10 each.

This Max Factor £500 contest is very simple. All you need to do is:

1. State the correct shade of Max Factor Pancake Make-up Debbie Reynolds uses to

achieve her fresh, young, natural look.

2. Suggest a name for a new "true red" shade of Max Factor lipstick.

If you are in doubt, call at your favorite cosmetic counter, either in a department store or at a chemist's, and they will show you the color harmony guide.

Closing date is December 10, in Sydney. You may send in as many entries as you like and they will be judged on correctness, aptness, and originality.

Carolyn Earle, Beauty Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, will judge the contest.

Results will be published in the Press before December 25, 1952, and prize-winners will be notified by mail.

The judge's decision will be final and there will be no appeal from that decision. All entries will be the property of Max Factor and Co. Their employees and employees of their advertising agency are not eligible to enter this contest.

Fill in and mail.

To: Max Factor Contest, Box 3042, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

1. Debbie Reynolds is a Light Brownette with a Medium Complexion. Her correct shade of Pancake is

2. My suggested name for a new shade of "true red" Max Factor Lipstick is

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W.315.WW63g

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Z.128.WW63g

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Minimum health requirements — you
need only smallpox vaccination
certificate.
You visit interesting, friendly
countries . . . enjoy stopover
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Fare payable in Australian
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NO DOLLARS needed with the
Commonwealth Plan to London.
Luggage allowance is 88 pounds on
round trips. Two PRESIDENT flights
every week from Sydney to San
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vations to London or anywhere in
the world, call your Travel Agent
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*Trade Mark, Pan American World Airways, Inc.



PAN AMERICAN
WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

Pan American World Airways, Inc. Ltd. Incorporated in U.S.A.

Caravan shop takes nylons to outback

Few people in the vast Queensland outback do not know, at least by sight, the "rolling" Rollinos, pioneer bush drapers, who for 23 years have braved bog, bushfire, and drought to bring their wares across roadless country to lonely settlers.

JODHPURS and som-
breros for the stock-
men, trinkets and red cloth
for the color-loving lubras,
soft drink and sweets for
the shy piccaninnies, and
lipstick and nylons for the
graziers' wives and
daughters are all in stock.

Primo Rollino, Australian-
born Italian, and Eleanor, his
energetic, amiable wife, travel
7000 miles a year in their
three-ton truck and caravan
on a huge circuit that stretches
from the South Australian
border to Tennant Creek and
Birdsville and up into the
Gulf country.

Mrs. Rollino is a long way
from her childhood home at
Twickenham, England, but
she says she has grown to love
the Australian outback and
she wouldn't change places
with the Queen.

Although they have an at-
tractive home at Babinda, a
sugar town south of Cairns,
the Rollinos are there for only
three months of the year. This
is from December to March,
when monsoonal rains turn
Queensland's outback roads
into quagmires and creeks
into tagging rivers.

Mrs. Rollino knows every
station hand, every black-
tracker, the railway gangers'
wives, and the gins in black's
camps from Bourke to Auga-
thella.

She has chased the mys-
terious "min-min light," will-
o'-the-wisp of the West, on
lonely roads for miles; she has
sat in the truck while horses,
donkeys, or camels hauled it
out of black-soil bogs; she
has been offered goanna tail
by generous black gins, and has
travelled with spear-brand-
ishing blacks wanting a lift
"longa boss."

Kangaroo and wallaby have
often been on the menu, and
once she used fruit salts to
raise flour to make a damper
when the baking soda ran out.

Mrs. Rollino brought up
two daughters on the road.

Her most trying experience
was when her married daugh-
ter, Daphne, gave birth to a
strapping young son miles
from anywhere on one of the
family's trips.

"We were trying to get
Daphne to her husband, but
we did the clutch during a
terrific storm on the way to
Augathella," Mrs. Rollino told
me.

"The baby was born at
Yoyo Creek during a cloud-
burst, while a swagman we
had picked up shouted direc-
tions from outside the caravan
in the rain.

"He had been a Red Cross
man during World War I.

"That was a very worrying
time. We couldn't even get



ROLLING ROLLINOS. Mr. and Mrs. Primo Rollino at the back of the caravan which they tow behind a three-ton truck on a 7000-mile bush circuit each year.

a cup of clean water because
the terrific downpour muddled
everything.

"We got a message through
to the nearest station for an
ambulance, and one stationed
80 miles from Charleville set
out.

"It broke down in a creek
during the storm and the am-
bulance man had to walk a
mile to reach us.

"The baby was 10 hours
old when he arrived.

"The station owner wanted
us to call the baby 'Yoyo' after
the creek he was born at, but

communication with the flying
doctor and dozens of portable
wireless transmitters on
isolated cattle stations.

Mrs. Rollino finds aborig-
ines interesting people, and
she always carries goods she
knows will please them.

She says they are very shy
and they don't like bright
lights.

"When we want to do
business with them, we have
to take the truck into a quiet
spot and turn off most of the
electric lights if it is at night,"
Mrs. Rollino said.

Husband Primo gives "man-
man" concerts, playing the
piano accordion and doing
conjuring tricks. Blacks and
stockmen, squatting on the
ground around the caravan,
generally join in the im-
provised song, and guitars appear
by magic from the men's hats.

A good mechanic and car-
penter, Primo built the car-
van himself and does most of
the overhauls.

Next wet season he plans to
install refrigeration in the truck
and to bring milk-shakes, ice-
cream, and cold drinks to chil-
dren of the far north-west.

As she packed up after a
week's work during the rains
at Einasleigh, 200 miles west
of Cairns, where I saw them,
Mrs. Rollino said: "We may
have our hardships at times,
but we see far more of life and
the real Australian people
than city folk do. Our cus-
tomers are the backbone of
Australia and wonderful
people, all of them."

**By ROSS
ANNABELL**

we called him Fred, after his
father, and John, after the
ambulance driver."

Mrs. Rollino said her life
was much easier now that
Primo had installed electricity
and all "mod. cons." in the
caravan. When they first
started out they used to sleep
on a tarpaulin wherever they
happened to pull up for the
night.

A 40-volt cinematograph
machine is an addition to the
travelling unit. It shows stand-
ard films.

"We always choose 'horsey'
pictures and cowboy films—
the outback people like them
the best," Mrs. Rollino said.

An important item of equip-
ment is a wireless transmitter,
for emergencies, which is
housed in the cab of the truck.
It puts the Rollinos into

WHENCE came the knowledge of the first builders in the Nile Valley acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his up- ward climb? Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea? From what con- cealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amen- hotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

There is a known fact that they discovered and used certain Secret Methods in the development of their inner power of mind. They truly learned the master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages and is now extended to those who dare use in profound principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

This Sealed Book—FREE
 The Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) have prepared an un-
 usual book, which will be sent free
 to sincere inquirers, in which the
 method of receiving these principles
 and natural laws is explained.
 Write today for your copy of this
 sealed book. Possibly it will be the
 first step whereby you can
 accomplish many of your se-
 cret ambitions and the building
 of personal achievements.
 Address your inquiry to:
 Scribe O.H.A.

The Rosicrucians
 (AMORC)
 San Jose, California



Keep Regular this natural way

There's a very good reason why
 NYAL FIGSEN is the ideal family
 laxative. Figure is mild and natural—
 easy to take, pleasant-tasting and
 thoroughly effective. It acts promptly,
 so gently, without pain or cramping,
 to return normal bowel action. Your
 doctor recommends NYAL FIGSEN.
 Regular 1/2 Lb. Double Strength 3/4 Lb.

NYAL FIGSEN

PAIN YOU CAN'T "EXPLAIN"



It's hard to tell a "white lie"
 when you can't explain it. When
 cramping, exhausting muscular
 twinges mean broken appoint-
 ments and time off.
 On these days every month, try
 taking a couple of MYZONE
 tablets with water or a cup of
 tea. Thousands of women and
 girls are blessing this wonderful
 new pain-relief. For Myzone's
 special Acetaminophen (anti-spas-
 modic) compound brings immediate
 relief from severe period pain,
 headache and sick-feeling, than
 anything else you've ever known.
 Try Myzone with your very next
 pain. All chemists.

MYZONE

PREPARED BY CLINTON - WILLIAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 26, 1952

MOTHER



"We couldn't help it, Mum!"

BUTCH



"If at home you do not find us, leave a note to remind us. Well? Shall we?"

It seems to me

THE glow of satisfaction one gets from buying Christmas cards early is only exceeded by the virtuous feeling which comes of catching the over-seas surface mails.

This year there is a wonder-ful variety. There needs to be, because tastes in cards are as varied as people.

I prowled round several counters for two lunch hours, looking unmoved at hundreds, until I pounced with a glad cry on a set decorated with birds, frogs, and grasshoppers. What they have to do with Christmas I don't know, but preferences in such things are peculiar.

It reminded me of a drawing by the late Helen Hokinson, famous for her cartoons of inconsequential female behaviour.

Two ladies were poring over a card counter, with one saying: "Which do you think looks more Christmassy, a giant panda or Central Park?"



Dorothy Drain

REMINISCENCES
 About prices, though a favorite topic of conver-sation, are usually fairly pointless.

In fact, I have made a resolution for next year—never again to say, "Yes, it's a nice hat, but in 1939 it would have cost 25/11."

Prices have no meaning by themselves, unless related to wages. In "101 Jubilee Road," an entertaining book about the first 14 years of this century in London, the author, Fred-erick Willis, makes that point in a chapter on what a sovereign would buy in those years. But he puts his finger on the difference when he writes, "We did, however, have one great advantage: money values were stable, and we knew exactly how far a sovereign would take us. When my wife and I were preparing for marriage we entered in a book everything that we wanted for our home. We entered the estimated cost of each item, and the grand total came to within a few shillings of what we actually spent. It would be impossible to do that now."

COMMENT of Rita Hayworth's lawyer, Bartley Crum, on the separation of Rita and Aly Khan was worth noting.

Just before the affair reached a deadlock, Mr. Crum said, "Things are going almost too well, and when I talked over the phone with Rita she was delighted at the idea of re-covering her freedom."

"Things are going almost too well" has a superstitious ring about it.

It is the kind of thing said by people who are always touching wood and crossing their fingers. I ought to know, because I am a great old wood-toucher and finger-crosser.

Mr. Crum's apprehension was justified next day when Aly's lawyer refused to sign a separation document.

Nevertheless, superstition is not what I would expect from my lawyer, if I had one.

One expects lawyers and doctors, different though their problems are, to be infallible; to say, "Things are going well" or "Things are going badly."

But no shilly-shallying, no looking over the shoulder expecting a blow from Providence.

A GAS-FILLED, plastic canopy to cover a city is suggested by Professor Ambrose Richardson, of Illinois, U.S.A. The canopy would admit sunlight but exclude harmful rays. Rain would fall off the edges and be used for irrigation. Houses need not have roofs and there would be no insect pests.

No rain, no sunburn, with this plastic sky;
 No coats, no brollies, always warm and dry;
 No roofs, no downpipes, guttering, or tiles;
 No hats (or only decorative styles);
 No wind, no freckles, no complexion frets;

No kites, no car-hoods, no mosquito nets;
 No mud, no slush, no weather aberration;
 No frost, no hail—indeed, no conversation.

Doctors Prove Palmolive can bring YOU... a lovelier complexion in 14 days!



You too CAN LOOK
 FOR THESE COMPLEXION
 IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer, tiny blemishes—and incipient blackheads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!

Not just a promise but a proved plan!

THIS IS ALL YOU DO!
 Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then for 60 seconds massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's beautifying and lasting effect.



REGULAR & ECONOMY BATH SIZE



NOT JUST
 CASTLES
 IN THE
 AIR but...

NO doubt you sometimes daydream about the little luxuries and comforts of this world—things that would make life easier and happier for you—things you perhaps believe are just beyond your reach.

Daydreaming will not bring you the things you require, so why not join the 41 million depositors in the Commonwealth Savings Bank? As a result of their saving, most of these people will see their daydreams changed into happy realities.

Few of these depositors find saving any easier than you do but they know that the sacrifice and effort will be worthwhile.

People who save get what they want. So why not give the castles you build in the air a strong foundation by opening an account with the

COMMONWEALTH Savings BANK

There is a Branch or Agency in every district in Australia

CDB-42-42

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Drawn and written by ELIZABETH MacINTYRE



FAMILY PORTRAIT. Who wouldn't appreciate this artistic greeting? It is as well to buy the envelopes first and cut home-made cards to fit them easily or your artistic efforts will be ruined. Household pets could be included in the drawing if they are members of the family circle. The scallops in the mount of this Christmas card were traced with the edge of a penny.

HOME-MADE cards have a personal appeal because as well as having an individual design you are able to write different messages to your friends instead of signing a printed legend.

A recent snapshot of the family, and on to a folded piece of paper, with an important-looking note on top of it, is one of the easiest and best ways to make a card. The people who get it will be delighted to see you have got one. Dad thunders, and HOW time has flown!

Christmas cards are easy to make, even if you can't do more than scribble on the telephone pad.

Or you could buy red seals, the sort that go on legal documents, and cut a square in the middle, using the rest as frames for tiny photographs of the children. Have the children sign their names themselves, even if you have to guide their hands.

Encourage the children to do a portrait of you all, or a picture of your house or your dog or cat,

and frame it nicely in colored paper. There is sure to be a hint of truth in the family one that will make it a good joke.

Make a card of the different hobbies of the family by cutting a simple symbol for each — your husband's golf sticks, Mary's doll house, Bill's bike, and your, well, dust-pan and broom if you must. The stranger the assortment the more amusing they'll be.

If you have a pet that is treated as one of the family, do a simplified picture of it and send its greetings along, too. You can trace it from a child's book.

A few colored crayons will do to put in eyes and whiskers, but, if you do buy paints for colored paper, get poster paint rather than watercolor.

If at last you have a house, draw it in outline and let your artistic child show how happy you are to be living there. If you have only the foundations, put those on the card and write the glad news that you hope to have moved in by next Christmas.

Of course you can use the usual Christmas symbols: trees, holly, and tinsel, and get some very good effects if you prefer more conventional greetings.



FLOWER POT. Round stickers bought at the stationers may be used for flowers with other bits of colored paper. Use a strong glue for heavy paper—light for finer types.

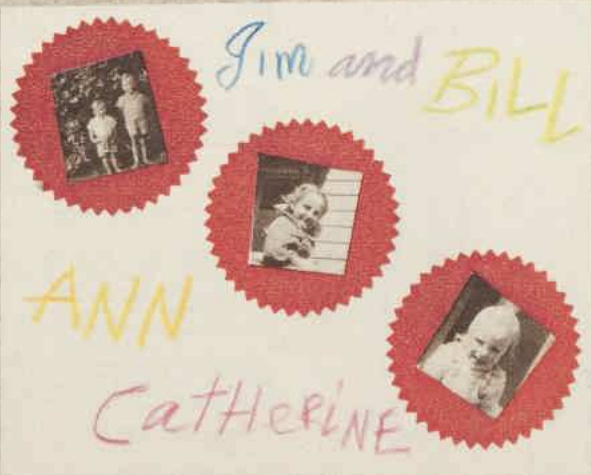


THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN. Encourage your six-year-old to dabble in art and turn out the Christmas greeting for the whole family.



CAT can be cut out of black paper and glued on. When attaching paper, place the drawing you want it, use with a ruler, and press in a book for a day.

SNAPSHOTS of your children are delightful Christmas greetings. Cut card with a safety razor blade running a metal-edged ruler.

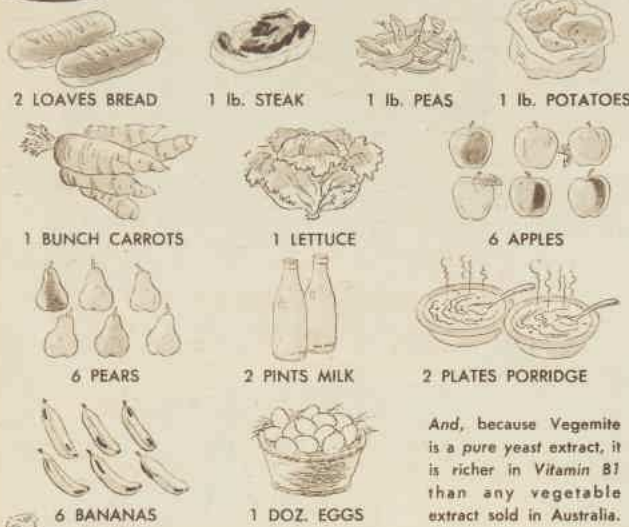


PIGEON POST. Signatures are written on little price tags. Run the blunt back of a knife down the crease of folded cards.

Mothers! Don't let to-day's high food costs rob your family of precious vitamins!



ONE 4 OZ. JAR OF VEGEMITE CONTAINS MORE OF THE VITAMIN "B" GROUP THAN ALL THESE FOODS PUT TOGETHER!



And, because Vegemite is a pure yeast extract, it is richer in Vitamin B1 than any vegetable extract sold in Australia.

MAKE UP THOSE LOST VITAMINS WITH VEGEMITE!

Doing without "this" staple food... buying less of "that" means that Australian families are losing more and more of the strengthening Vitamin B group from their diets! Add up the cost of those foods above! See how much you'd have to spend to give your families the same amount of the Vitamin "B" group as you get from a 4 oz. jar of Vegemite! What a delicious,

economical way to make up those lost vitamins! The secret of Vegemite's richness lies in the fact that Vegemite is a pure concentrated yeast extract... not an ordinary vegetable extract. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the precious Vitamin B group... Vitamin B1, B2 and Niacin... all of which keep you and your entire family strong and

healthy. Your body cannot store Vitamins B1, B2 or Niacin—it must have a daily supply of these essential vitamins. So put Vegemite on your table for every family meal! Delicious for all kinds of sandwiches, snacks and breakfast—on toast, or under a poached egg. Vegemite also adds flavour and vitamins to cooked vegetables, soups, stews, gravies and casseroles.

WHAT THE VITAMIN "B" GROUP MEANS TO YOUR FAMILY

RIGHT AMOUNT...

Vitamin B1
Healthy nerves.
Strength and stability.

Vitamin B2
Firm, clear tissues.
Healthy eyes.

Niacin
Good digestion.
Clear skin... healthy "skin tone."

TOO LITTLE...

Vitamin B1
Irritability and neuritis.
Fatigue, loss of weight.

Vitamin B2
Mouth ulcers, sore lips.
Eye irritations.

Niacin
Digestive troubles.
Skin complaints.



Available in 2, 4 and 8 oz. sizes and the family economy sizes 8 and 16 ounces.

RICHEST IN VITAMIN B1
RICHEST IN FLAVOUR
LOWEST IN COST

VEGEMITE

MADE BY KRAFT

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

• The trim striped frock on our cover girl of November 12 brought many requests for patterns. This week we reproduce the design and give particulars of how the pattern may be obtained.

WHICH is the most fashionable cotton for daytime—a plain or a stripe?

Striped cotton is a top favorite for the daytime. The variety is almost unlimited—corded stripes, multi-colored narrow stripes, and wide, almost awning stripes.

SHOULD a party dress for a girl in her early teens be street-length or floor-length?

A dress with a street-length or ballet-length skirt is the best fashion for a young girl. She will feel happier wearing a short, easy-to-manage skirt than a trailing one. The design could have a pretty bouffant bodice finished with puffed-up sleeves. The material choice—a sprigged sheer cotton or a pastel pique.

Another approach to suburban party fashions is separates. Design: a semi-bare halter effect, or a top with a scoop neck. Either could be worn with a very full street-length skirt.

WHICH is the most popular and fashionable design for a swimsuit?

The 1953 swimsuit picture features a number of one-piece designs with "dress" influence. The button-up coat-dress idea with a short, flared skirt is a popular design, so is a one-piece with a tulip-flared skirt. Bloused bloomer legs are new again, and a chemise-like suit is worn belted at the natural waistline with a narrow cincher. The major-



SPECIAL FEATURE: SCHOOL GIRL BECOMES BUSINESS GIRL

D.S. 17. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

ity of bodice tops are moulded to the figure and finished with adjustable straps for figure flattery.

WHAT types of dresses are being worn at holiday resorts?

The emphasis is on "sleeveless" for resort and vacation fashions. Not that the sun-bath and strapless dress has been by-passed. With a matching or contrasting "cover-up" it is still a very popular fashion. The button-front sundress has also been exploited. In this category the full-skirt silhouette is still preferred, but there is a tendency to pare it down. Fullness is

often concentrated at bust and sides, with backs straight. For all resort fashions, light colors are the rule. Apricot, water-melon pink, marmalade green, and sand-beige all look chic and new.

ARE all the formal evening gowns for summer made with strapless bodice tops?

No. This season there is more bodice coverage for the long formal than there was last season. Coverage is interpreted by straps, blous, built-up bows, and ruffles. Soft drapery is another feminine and flattering coverage, as is a matching owl worn like a flower lei.

Fashion FROCKS



"GILLIAN"—Dirndl-type skirt featuring a shirred elastic waistband and front buttoning. The skirt is obtainable in coin-spot cotton. The color choice includes red, green, navy, wine, and dark sage-blue, all printed with a white spot, and a red or blue spot printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 25-30in. and 32in. waist, 37/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 24/6, 30in. and 32in. waist, 36/6.

"NADINE"—Tailored blouse obtainable in a coin-spot cotton. The color choice includes red, green, navy, wine, and dark sage-blue, all printed with a white spot, and a red or blue spot printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 29/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 31/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 20/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 22/6.

"REBA"—Cuffed shorts obtainable ready to wear in safflower cotton drill. The color choice includes black, navy, denim-blue, and white. Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 35-38in. and 30in. waist, 36/6.

"CELA"—A sleeveless shirt blouse obtainable in white and colored pique. The color choice includes pastel shades in lemon, aqua, pink, blue, lilac, green, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 35/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 36/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 15/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 17/2.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice, in C.O.D. orders accepted. Ordering by mail, send an address given on page 2. Frock may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Studer's Building, 21 Pitt Street, Sydney.

KV.31



Keep Regular
this natural way

There's a very good reason why NYAL FIGSEN is the ideal family laxative. Figsen is mild and natural—easy to take, pleasant-tasting and thoroughly effective. It acts promptly, without pain or griping, to restore normal bowel action. Your chemist recommends NYAL FIGSEN. Regular 3/3, Double Strength 3/6.

NYAL FIGSEN



Prevents "Wind" Pains

NYAL Milk of Magnesia after each feed... is the ideal preventive for "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle action soothes, soothes, regulars, builds, the NYAL Milk of Magnesia a smooth, even, pleasant to take—pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Indicated in Regon for 6 m. 2/4, 12 m. 3/11, 18 m. 4/6.

NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA



...thanks to

KIWI

THE WAX SHOE POLISH THAT GIVES A BRIGHTER SHINE FOR A LONGER TIME

See colours — Black • Dark Tan • Mid Tan • Tan • Brown • Mahogany • Ox Blood • Blue • Neutral. It is the Queen-in-a-Bush tin.



AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST SELLING SHOE POLISH

Worth Reporting

WHEN we tried to get an exclusive interview with Mr. Spyros P. Skouras, president of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, during his visit to Australia, he offered us one—at 6.30 a.m. on the golf course.

We settled for 8.45 a.m. at the office of his company. When we arrived Mr. Skouras was busy organising a staff of at least six in a voice almost silenced by fatigue.

Mr. Skouras, who is on a world hand-shaking tour, is a chunky, grey-haired man of 59. He smokes giant cigars in an amber holder.

Born in Greece, he went to America at the age of 17. He has worked his way up from a bellboy in a St. Louis hotel.

Mr. Skouras would not be interviewed with his wife.

"Her life and time are her own," he said.

When we visited Mrs. Skouras at her hotel, she showed us all the orchids and flowers in the suite.

"I feel just like a debutante with all these flowers," she said. "It's thrilling to be treated like this when you have six grandchildren."

Mrs. Skouras asked for some help with souvenirs and we suggested opals. But that is one superstition which frightens her.

"I guess I'll stick to those cute honey-bees," she said.

Mrs. Skouras attributes her husband's success to hard work.

"I should know," she said. "I've grown up with it. We met at Jones Commercial School, in St. Louis, where I was born, and nobody appreciates his success more than I do."

Australia sends gems to Ceylon

AUSTRALIA is at present exporting sapphires to Ceylon, which is their recognised "home."

This was disclosed by Mr. John Altmann, partner of a Victorian jewellery firm, at the recent "Made in Australia" exhibition in Victoria.

Mr. Altmann said that the world's best yellow sapphires came from Queensland.

Opals were also shown at the exhibition.

Australia is at present probably the only country engaged in commercial production of opals. It is, so far, impossible to produce this stone synthetically.

DURING a recent week-end drive 15 miles out of Brisbane, we stopped for a yarn with the turncock at the lonely Gold Creek reservoir.

As his bush-shy children scattered in all directions, he talked about the Far West and the Northern Territory.

"Yes, I know that country," he said. "Spent most of my life there. Used to drive cattle from Birdville to Marree. But the loneliness got me down, so I decided to give it away and get a city job. I was dead lucky to get this one."



"Or take your boy's last teacher. Only six months more and she'd have qualified for a pension. And still she quit rather than put up with him."

"Muscles" for the weaker sex

MANY of the demure-looking girl members of the Queensland Judo Club can throw a man twice their weight and break a stranglehold on the neck with practised ease.

Queensland "wolves" have to watch their step, and even the innocent may suffer if one story told by the club's secretary, Mr. L. Craughan, is any indication.

He said that one club member was considering her holds one evening at a ball when a quietly spoken youth asked her for a dance. She assented mechanically and continued her mental gymnastics.

The lad placed a hand on her shoulder. Immediately she went into action and sent him sailing across the ball-room.

It could only happen in America—and let's thank heaven for that.

For the kiddies this Christmas there's a doll dressed up in dark glasses and a mink coat, just like your little girl's favorite film star.

The doll without mink is about £8 and with mink is £150, plus 20 per cent. Federal tax.

Another, and more practical, item is a white cotton twill "scribble" suit, which comes complete with box of crayons.

The crayons can be used on the fabric of the suit, or any other surface, and then washed off.

LONDON TALK

By Michael Plant

THE Duchess of Kent's return to London promises to be a busy time for her.

For the first time in 11 years she will have a London home—Kensington Palace. The Palace stands in a cobbled square which, although it is close to busy Kensington High Street, has the quiet rural charm of a country village.

JEREMY CARLOS-CLARKE, who visited Australia earlier this year, is returning to settle in Sydney. Arriving with him are hundreds of samples of new materials, carpets, and wall-papers, and some important pieces of antique furniture.

They will all go into the decorating shop Jeremy plans to open in Sydney.

KEN CANTRELL, star of the Australian production of "Brigadoon," is back in London to play the lead in a new American musical, "Paint Your Wagon."

It's being put together as a West End Christmas package.

BRITISH he-man Dirk Bogarde entered a London hospital as a blood donor.

Having given his pint, he refused to rest and walked straight out of the hospital. He got as far as the front door, collapsed, and was hurried back inside and given a transfusion of his own blood.

JOHN GIELGUD has returned from Hollywood with exciting plans for the Christmas season.

He has taken the Lyric at Hammersmith—the only suburban playhouse of any real theatrical merit—and will put on three plays there.

The plays will be Shakespeare's "Richard the Second," Congreve's "The Way of the World," and Thomas Otway's "Venice Preserved."

Quote of Week: Ethel Merman to Tallulah Bankhead: "Darling, didn't you once make a picture for 19th Century-Fox?"



PERFUME HAT-BOX

A novel hat-box of gleaming transparent plastic with twin phials of her favourite fragrances. 10/-



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A lovely surprise... a phial of luxury perfume and a tin of delicately perfumed talc... 9/3.



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Goya's after-the-bath luxury... cool and satin smooth... 4/3.

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REVITALISE WITH RADOX

Beautiful women in the public eye—stage and screen personalities, social beauties—revitalise with oxygen-charged Radox baths. When summer heat saps your energy, you, too, can relax weary muscles the same way. Radox gives ordinary tap water the revitalising properties of a mineral spring spa. Be refreshed, vital, ready to go—revitalise with Radox!



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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



For the Present for the Future ... an Onkaparinga Rug



This Xmas, give a luxurious Onkaparinga, the perfect gift for every occasion. When other presents are forgotten your Onkaparinga will be valued for its constant, lifelong friendship. Because of its beauty, because of the cosy luxury of every soft woolly fold, and because of its serviceability, your Onkaparinga will be by far the most welcome gift. Give an Onkaparinga as a Wedding or Birthday present—on the Retirement of an esteemed Friend or Business Associate, or to wish a loved one Bon Voyage.



Onkaparinga are made of 100% Pure Wool, backed by the experience of more than 80 years in the art of fine rug making. Choose your Onkaparinga from a wide range of colourful patterns and tartans. If unobtainable in your district, write for the name and address of your nearest Onkaparinga retailer.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 26, 1941

FASHION PATTERNS
and Needlework Notions
may be obtained immedi-
ately from Fashion Pat-
terns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris
St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal
orders Box 4560, G.P.O.,
Sydney). For Australian read-
ers, please address orders to
the N.D. G.P.O., Hobart;
for New Zealand readers to
the N.Z. G.P.O., Auckland.

Fashion PATTERNS

F2278. — Glamorous lace-trimmed nightgown. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. lace, plus ½yd. 36in. net lining. Price, 4/6.

F2279. — Sundress styled with a wide skirt and contrast binding. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

Pattern for beginners

F2283. — Beginner's pattern for a small girl's sleeveless blouse and matching shorts. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Sizes 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Special price, 2/.

F2281. — A pretty summer one-piece dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2280. — Sleeveless one-piece designed with a moulded bodice top and small stand-up collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2280

F2281

F2282

F2279

F2283

347

348

349

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 346.—HOUSEGOWN

Comfortably styled housegown is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is checked woven Dutch seersucker. The color choice includes green, pink, and white; green, blue, and white; and pink, blue, and white. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 52/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 54/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

No. 347.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS AND MATCHING PANTIES

A pretty two-piece obtainable cut out ready to make in Bonnie Prince haircord striped cotton. The color choice includes red and white; green and white; yellow and white; blue and white; pink and white. The dress is finished with a white cotton trim. Sizes: 18in. length, for 2 years, 17/3; panties, 5/6. 20in. length, for 4 years, 17/11; panties, 5/11. 23in. length, for 6 years, 18/11; panties, 6/3. 27in. length, for 8 years, 19/11; panties, 6/9. Postage and registration for dress, 1/8 extra; panties, 7d. extra.

No. 348.—APRON

Apron with a pretty design clearly traced ready to embroider on British headcloth. The color choice includes white, blue, pink, natural, lemon, and green. The bias binding is not supplied. Size, medium. Price, 9/3. Postage, 9d. extra.

No. 349.—THREE TEA-TOWELS

The towels are made in linen, clearly traced ready to embroider, with a colored border of blue or multi-colored border of red, green, yellow, and blue. Sizes, 22in. x 32in. Price, 6/11 each, postage, 8d. extra; or set of three, 20/3, postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All needlework notions over £1 sent by registered post.

PICTURE OF A Grafton FASHION HANKIE dancing on the line...

FOR THE 25th TIME



for the 25th time

Levers Wash-Tests show that Grafton hankies retained all their original color-lustre after 25 test launderings. But Grafton hankies are guaranteed for at least 50 launderings and you'll find they're still good for countless more.

Give **Grafton** Hankies for Christmas

Ask for Grafton Hankies by name at all good stores. GHI

KIWI White Cleaner really stays on..

More people use Kiwi White Cleaner than any other brand because it really stays on... it dries smoothly... it's easy and quick to use.



KIWI

Australia's biggest selling* **WHITE CLEANER** for everything you whiten



IN TUBES. — Kiwi New Process White with free sponge for applying.
IN BOTTLES. — Kiwi Liquid White
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*As shown by nation-wide survey.

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

- How to Grow Good Chrysanthemums.
- Spring and Summer Care of Roses.
- How to Grow Good Dahlias.
- What to Grow to Fill the Salad Bowl.

Name of leaflet (one only)

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.

Santa Says



"ONLY *POLAROID

DAY GLASSES AND SUNSHIELDS

CAN PASS THE

GLARE-GLANCE TEST!"



1

Prove *Polaroid Sunglasses for yourself before you buy. Hold *Polaroid day glasses or sunshields in a vertical position and look at any shiny surface reflecting strong light. The glare comes through; this is the view you get through ordinary sunglasses. Now make the next test.



2

Slowly turn the *Polaroid Sunglasses to the normal wearing position, looking at the same spot. Notice the change? Watch the dazzling glare disappear until it is completely eliminated! Yet the colours remain clear, crisp and natural. Only *Polaroid Sunglasses can pass this scientific Glare-Glance test.

"Hey ho, and away I go on another busy Christmas. Looks like a sunny one for me. Everyone's buying *Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields. They are so light to wear and make child's play of my Christmas round!" For summer shopping, dazzling sand and shimmering surf, for watching and playing sport, everyone under the sun will be relying on *Polaroid Sunglasses to prevent squinting, headaches and distracting sore eyes. Only *Polaroid Sunglasses can pass the Glare-Glance test because only *Polaroid day glasses and sunshields use the scientific method of light polarization. Glare is eliminated. Only useful "seeing light" passes through to your eyes. They don't just dull the view; colours remain clear, crisp and natural. The higher the glare the greater the difference between *Polaroid Sunglasses and ordinary sunglasses.



*Polaroid 50 Sunshields (Paddle Temples). For outdoor sport. Single eyepiece. Popular range of colours.



*Polaroid 66 Sunshields (Paddle Temples). Plastic Frames — available in an attractive colour range.



*Polaroid 55 Sunshields (Club Temples). With nose, top of eyeshield for attractive wear.



*Polaroid 77 Sunshields (Plastic Paddle Temples). Metal Frames — and they weigh only 3 oz. each.



*Polaroid 11 Plastic Clip-on. Washed gold frames. Fit practically all types of prescription glasses.



*Polaroid 90 and 90 Aviation Models. Plastic or washed gold bar. Washed gold frames. Stylish appearance.



*Polaroid 22 Day Glasses (Pastel Temple Tips). Washed gold frames. Ideal for formal or sport wear.



*Polaroid Summer 40 (Washed Gold Temples). Washed gold frames. Stylish, new, exciting colour.



*Polaroid 33 Day Glasses (Club Temples). Plastic frames — in sizes for adults and children.



*Polaroid 36 Domino Day Glasses — with Plastic frames and choice of all the most fashionable colours.

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YOUTHFUL MOVIE BELLES

★ These three starry-eyed youngsters are making their mark with film-goers. Nineteen-year-old Petula Clark, already a veteran of British films and radio, is being eased into grown-up roles. Debra Paget and Lori Nelson are promising Hollywood starlets.

LORI NELSON (right) is one of Universal's bright young players. Her next film is "Ma and Pa Kettle at Waukegan" with Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride.



DEBRA PAGET (above). Fox's pretty starlet is in distinguished company in "Les Misérables," which stars Michael Rennie and Sylvia Sydney.

PETULA CLARK (right). England's popular young actress stars with David Tomlinson in George Brown's comedy "Made in Heaven."



Which Twin has the **Toni**
and which has the expensive perm?
(SEE ANSWER BELOW)



Why **Toni** is so economical!

Just compare the cost of your Toni Refill with the price of a salon perm. It's a marvellous saving and that is so important these days. No wonder millions of women are satisfied users of Toni.

SO EASY TOO! With Toni SPIN curlers, the winding is twice as easy and much faster. And you have a Toni at home in your own time!

SO LASTING AND LOVELY! Toni coaxes your hair into silky-soft waves and curls that look and act just like naturally curly hair.

Which twin has the Toni?

Lynette and Judith Spencer of Lidcombe, N.S.W., are identical twins and even experts can't tell that it's Judith (on the right) who has the Toni.

WHOLE HEAD REFILL, 13/9

If you have no curlers, buy the Whole Head Kit with Spin Curlers 26/-, or with Standard Curlers 22/6, End Curl Kit 15/3, End Curl Refill 9/11.

Toni Home Perm
makes you forget
your hair was ever straight.



Your dentures are 'oxygen-clean' when you use 'Steradent'

When you immerse your dentures in 'Steradent', the oxygen content drives stains, film and odours out of every corner and crevice. 'Steradent' disinfects and deodorises, leaving teeth and plate gleaming with absolute cleanliness.



Steradent

'Oxygen-cleans' and sterilizes every type of Denture

KITCHEN DANGERS IN YOUR HOME

Your kitchen may be a breeding ground for germs. Unless you take special precautions to protect food, microbes multiply rapidly in it. Meat, poultry, fish, and vegetables for home bottling should be dried, salted, and cooked in a pressure-cooker. Additional precautions are listed in a special feature, "Killer in the Kitchen," in the new November issue of A.M. Make sure of your copy.



1 ARMY recruit, celebrated opera star Renaldo Rossano (Mario Lanza), centre, is assigned light duties by tough admirer Sergeant Batterson (James Whitmore), right. Batterson has a sister with operatic aspirations.



2 INTRODUCED to Batterson's sister, Bridget (Doretta Morrow), right, impressed Renaldo promises audition. Back at camp soldiers are put on kitchen duties for going to town without passes.



3 CHAPEL singing impresses general's wife, who wangles Renaldo permission to go to New York to record songs and audition Bridget, whom he now loves.

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE

● Metro's technicolored musical "Because You're Mine" was chosen as the Royal Command film for 1952.

In it Mario Lanza plays a modern, romantic-comedy role as a famous operatic tenor who is drafted into the Army. Lanza sings operatic arias and numerous ballads.

Broadway singer Doretta Morrow makes her screen debut as Lanza's co-star.



4 GLAMOROUS co-star Francesca (Paula Corday) greets Renaldo. Taking events at face value, Batterson and Bridget leave for home.



5 FIGHT when Batterson accuses Renaldo of philandering with Bridget lands the boys in gaol, where they patch up quarrel. Recognising Renaldo, visiting general intercedes on tenor's behalf.



6 SUCCESSFUL concert for United Nations Military Mission is assured by presence of Renaldo. After a solo, he calls Bridget on to platform and they sing a duet. Later, they iron out romantic differences and decide to marry.

Hollywood back to "silents"

By LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood

It is 23 years since talkies made silent films obsolete. Recently, Hollywood reversed the order by breaking into the field of sound films with the first no-dialogue movie made since the advent of talkies.

RAY MILLAND is the star of this controversial picture, which is titled "The Thief" and which has Hollywood bigshots up to their collective ears in speculation.

It runs without a line of dialogue, but the noises and hubbub of daily life are heard. Car horns honk and police whistles shrill.

Telephones ring, footsteps echo, and the sound of opening and closing doors is heard.

Because it is both a return to silence and a forward movement to the use of motion picture techniques minus dialogue and sound-boom problems, "The Thief" is a milestone in movie-making.

In the beginning, Hollywood had a theory that "The Thief" was only a solitary episode in an industry geared to make sound pictures.

Then Gene Kelly announced that his European production, "Invitation to a Dance," would be a musical without dialogue.

This put a different slant on things to people in the industry, who felt that sound with no voices would not be good box-office.

Whether "The Thief" will usher in a new trend in picture-making depends upon how the movie-going public reacts to it. True-to-life events are behind "The Thief," which tells of a



RAY MILLAND in a scene from "The Thief," Hollywood's controversial new film. By combining silent and sound sequences it may launch a new trend in movie-making.

man's treachery in passing atomic secrets to a foreign agent. Driven by pangs of conscience, he tries to extricate himself from his dilemma.

Caught up in a terrifying web of circumstances, the culprit eventually gives himself up to the authorities.

Trying to do what no other star of talking pictures has yet done—convey emotions without the aid of speech—was a tough assignment for Ray Milland.

He laconically describes it as "quite an experience in me."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 26, 1952



puts you right in the picture . . .

Pelaco Sportmaster

How right you are, and how good it feels to be inside a super styled, easy to look at, Pelaco Sportmaster.

It's the classic shirt you've always wanted . . . beautiful, quality material . . . superbly tailored . . . handsomely styled and in a sweeping range of rich, luxurious colours. The man is not born who can't use the eye-catching good looks of Sportmaster. With a tie or without, Sportmaster has that same well-dressed air . . .

that tasteful appearance of comfort without carelessness — the character you need for good grooming.

"It is indeed a lovely shirt, sir!"



Twice as many tufts in the new WISDOM FLEXI-BRUSH*

✓ Twice the action /
✓ Twice the value /



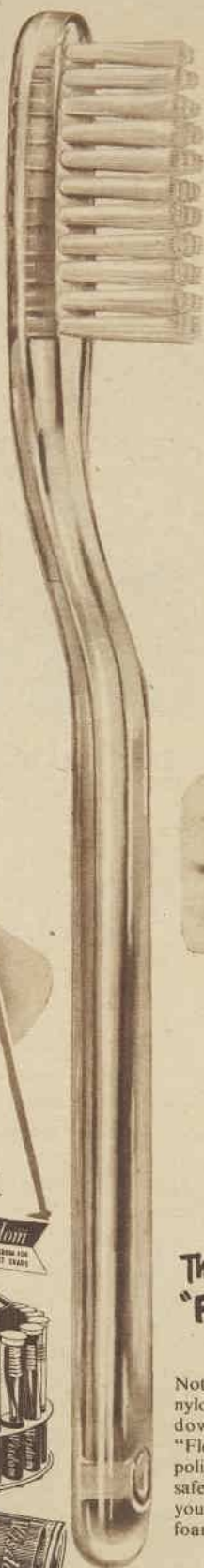
"FLEXI-BRUSH" massages gums gently but thoroughly

And safely! The busy, round-end bristles are so flexible, they protect even the tenderest gums yet do a wonderful cleansing job. The instant you use the new Wisdom 'Flexi-brush' you'll see why dentists everywhere recommend this bristle arrangement.

Look for the Wisdom "Merry-go-Round" display everywhere. There you'll find the new "Flexi-brush" in its crystal plastic container. 2/4 at all chemists and stores.



THE NEW WISDOM FLEXI-BRUSH —

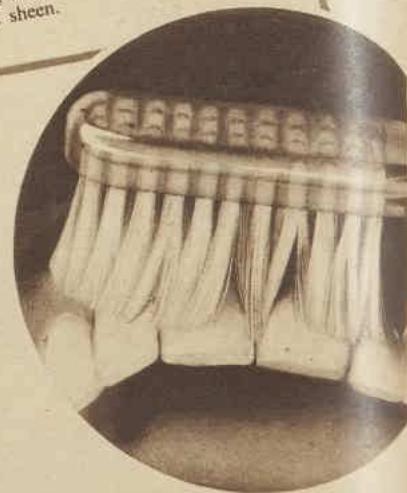


"FLEXI-BRUSH" penetrates between teeth

Myriads of flexible nylon bristles to twist and bend and clean every corner of every tooth — and between teeth too. Yet "Flexi-brush" bristles spring back firmly to polish your teeth to a brilliant sheen.

The New Wisdom "FLEXI-BRUSH" in action

Note the way the flexible nylon bristles probe deep down between the teeth. "Flexi-brush" cleans deeper, polishes brighter, massages safer. The multi-tufts help your favourite toothpaste to foam faster and go further.



ANOTHER ADDIS PRODUCT — THE NEW WISDOM FLEXI-BRUSH

REMOVE WASTE —NOT FOOD!

Her dietetics is mostly due to her digestion because 80% of digestion takes place in the stomach. Such poor assimilation can't be helped by laxative powders and stomach cures.

Carter's natural, soothing prescription gently unlocks systems clogged-up from simple causes. It promotes the free flow of all of nature's important, digestive juices. Carter's helps nature to restore the natural power of assimilation. Removes only waste — not food — another reason why these little pills help you feel so much better. So gentle... not habit-forming... get Carter's Little Liver Pills at your chemist or store today. C2-4



Make Baby's Hair
GROW CURLY
4 Weeks Treatment
3 1/2 EVERYWHERE
Curlypet

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL—★★ "Fanny By Gaslight," drama, starring Phyllis Calvert, James Mason, Stewart Granger. Plus "Gangs of New York," thriller, starring Charles Bickford. (Both re-releases.)

CIVIC—★★ "South of St. Louis," drama, starring Joel McCrea, Alexis Smith. Plus "Adventures of Don Juan," period adventure, starring Errol Flynn, Viveca Lindfors. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY—★★★ "The Sound Barrier," aircraft drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE—★★ "Death of a Salesman," social drama, starring Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock, Cameron Mitchell. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY—★★ "The Merry Widow," technicolor musical, starring Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM—★★ "The Brigand," technicolor melodrama, starring Anthony Dexter, Jody Lawrence. Plus "A Yank in Indo-China," wartime drama, starring John Archer, Jean Wiles.

LYRIC—★★ "Ten Tall Men," technicolor adventure, starring Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland. Plus "The Lost Tribe," jungle adventure, starring Johnny Weissmuller, Myrna Dell. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR—★★ "O. Henry's Full House," dramatised short stories, starring Charles Laughton, Jeanne Crain, David Wayne. Plus featurettes.

PALACE—★★ "Belles On Their Toes," technicolor comedy, starring Myrna Loy, Jeanne Crain, Debra Paget. Plus ★★ "The Dark Page," thriller, starring Broderick Crawford, John Derek, Donna Reed. (Both re-releases.)

PARK—★ "The Outlaw," Western, starring Jane Russell, Jack Buckel. (Re-release.) Plus "Bodyguard," thriller, starring Lawrence Tierney, Priscilla Lane.

PLAZA—★★★ "High Noon," Western, starring Gary Cooper, Lloyd Bridges, Katy Jurado. Plus "One Big Affair," comedy, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Evelyn Keyes.

SAVOY—★★★ "Pagliacci," Italian film opera, starring Tito Gobbi, Gina Lollobrigida, Alfio Poli. Plus "Storm in a Teacup," comedy, starring Rex Harrison, Vivien Leigh. (Re-release.)

STATE—★★ "It Grows on Trees," comedy, starring Irene Dunne, Dean Jagger, Joan Evans. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Just Across the Street," romantic comedy, starring Ann Sheridan, John Lund.

VICTORY—★ "Valley of Eagles," British drama, starring Jack Warner, John McCallum, Nadia Gray. Plus "Second Face," drama, starring Ella Raines, Bruce Bennett.

Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY—★ "The Fourposter," comedy, starring Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD—★ "The Turning Point," drama, starring William Holden, Alexis Smith, Edmond O'Brien. Plus "Hong Kong," technicolor adventure, starring Ronald Reagan, Rhonda Fleming.

REGENT—★ "Tea For Two," technicolor musical, starring Doris Day, Gordon MacRae. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES—★ "It's a Big Country," drama, starring Ethel Barrymore, Van Johnson, Gene Kelly, Janet Leigh. Plus "The Hour of Thirteen," thriller, starring Peter Lawford, Dawn Addams.

VARIETY—★ "The Big Carnival," drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling. Plus featurettes.

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Mt. Eliza, Victoria
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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Death of a Salesman

STAGE settings have been extended only slightly in Stanley Kramer's screen production of Arthur Miller's drama "Death of a Salesman," so that the film has something of a theatrical air.

"Death of a Salesman" has a symbolic theme in which the single plight of Willy Loman, a salesman of America's samplecase era, is used to point up the general tragedy of lives based on false foundations.

Willy is betrayed by the illusion of his own and his sons' popularity and success.

As the story opens, reality has caught up with his dreams. Willy sees he has been a failure, and, unable to cope, he is gradually losing his mind.

Fredric March gives an intense, highly articulate concept of Willy in this engrossing film.

That he is always the polished actor Fredric March rather than the buffeted, naive Loman playwright Arthur Miller created will bother only critical filmgoers.

For this film producer Kramer assembled virtually the entire cast from one or another of the stage companies that have acted the play in America.

Mildred Dunnock as Willy's devoted wife, Linda, and their two sons—Biff (Kevin McCarthy) and Happy (Cameron Mitchell)—reflect stage experience with splendid character cameos.

In Sydney—Esquire.

★★ It Grows on Trees

CHARMING Irene Dunne is a small-town wife and mother in Universal's pleasant domestic whimsy "It Grows on Trees."

Together with film husband Dean Jagger, Irene carries

along a story that is, at best, an airy piece of nonsense.

The Baxters are a happy, devoted family. Mother Polly (Irene Dunne) is an incurable romantic married to fact-and-figure accountant husband Phil (Dean Jagger). Diane (Joan Evans), Flip, a gangling youngster, and elf-like Midge are their children.

Somehow the Baxters never have enough money to take care of their expenses, and Polly nearly drives her husband crazy with jumbled budgeting.

When five-dollar and ten-dollar bills begin fluttering down from a couple of trees growing in her suburban backyard, Polly, who subscribes to the idea that everything comes to one who waits, accepts the money as a direct gift from heaven.

Without a word to her painfully honest Phil, Polly launches into a spending spree, and it isn't long before troubles catch up with her.

You'll get a laugh out of Polly's method of coping with them.

In Sydney—State.

News from studios

A MISERABLE film unit has been camping outside No. 10 Downing Street for a whole week while Churchill has come and gone several times. Why? The weather has been too bad to shoot scenes required for "Top Secret," and director Mario Zampi and his crew have been waiting patiently for it to clear.

WALT DISNEY now aims to film "Rob Roy," from the famous novel by Sir Walter Scott, in Britain. His formula seems to be: Britain for live historical romances and Hollywood for cartoons. His latest full-length cartoon, "Peter Pan," has been released, and now he is planning a full-length animated feature of "The Sleeping Beauty."

REGAIN
REGULARITY
WITHIN
10 DAYS
(without purgatives)

I HAD ALMOST
LOST HEART WHEN
ALL-BRAN BROUGHT
ME REGULARITY
IN ONE WEEK!

MISS E. McCLOUD,
126 Short St., Birchgrove, N.S.W.

**Complete Satisfaction
or Double Your Money Back**

This is all you need to... enjoy tasty, tasty Kellogg's All-Brans for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you don't feel it has helped you, then just send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

BULK IS THE ANSWER!

Your daily health and regularity depend on what you eat. Kellogg's All-Brans is not a purgative. It contains the bulk your system needs to end constipation. The vital bulk in this rich, nut-sweet health-food helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle elimination... no purgatives needed this natural way.

Ask your grocer for a packet of Kellogg's All-Brans

right away. Within ten days you'll benefit. After that keep on enjoying this crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Never lose that wonderful feeling of health and natural regularity it brings.

YOU BENEFIT 3 WAYS

Kellogg's All-Brans is a natural laxative, health-food and blood tonic all in one! Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Nicotin and Iron, Kellogg's All-Brans builds up your health. It gives you vitality as it brings regularity instead of purging the energy out of you.

**Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN**
*Registered Trade Mark

END IRREGULARITY—the way
NATURE intended



For the skin that doesn't like
a heavy foundation...

This sheerer
greaseless base

If your skin feels "uncomfortable" in a heavy make-up, choose this merest mist of a base! It's feather-light, natural! Before powder, smooth on a thin veil of satiny, transparent Pond's Vanishing Cream. Even as you stroke it on, this sheerer cream miraculously disappears, leaving only a soothing, adherent film. Blends with any shade of powder. Never streaks or discolors. Just see how beautifully it takes powder—with a completely natural, soft-toned loveliness!

1 Minute Mask...

instant
glamour
facial

Make your skin glow with enchanting springtime freshness! Before make-up, give yourself this magic 1 Minute Mask. Cover face, except eyes, with a lovely, cool cloak of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Mask's "erectant" action loosens dirt and rough flakes that dull your skin. Disappears them off! After 1 minute, tissue Mask off. You'll rejoice in your truly "swept" complexion—so much brighter, clearer, so beautifully smoothed for make-up!

Antonia
Drexel Earle

"When I use lovely sheer Pond's Vanishing Cream as a foundation for powder, my make-up goes on easily and always stays on perfectly," says charming, young Mrs. Earle.

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Guaranteed
SEVEN YEARS



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Now — more than ever — the finest hose, the best buy.

Ask for — and make sure you get — genuine *proved* "NYLEX" brand plastic garden hose. Branded every foot!

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MOULDED PRODUCTS (A'SIA) LTD.

MELBOURNE SYDNEY NEWCASTLE BRISBANE TOWNSVILLE ADELAIDE
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IN 5 CLEAN, SPARKLING COLOURS



A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients

Tetanus breeds in punctured wounds

Overeating brings ills and fat

ALTHOUGH most dogs are usually willing to be friendly with children, it is not wise to let a child approach any strange dog as though it were a "nice how-wow."

The one that little Ann Lidcombe ran up to outside her home this afternoon returned her greeting with an unfriendly and deep bite on her forearm.

"I'm at a loss to know what to do," said her mother, arriving at the surgery shortly afterwards. "So I thought we'd better see you."

"I'm glad you did," I told her. "The bite itself isn't dangerous or in need of stitches, but Ann will need an anti-tetanus injection."

"I thought only a rusty nail could cause that," said Mrs. Lidcombe.

"Anything can cause it if it's been in contact with the soil and punctures the flesh," I explained. "Other kinds of injury can cause tetanus, too, but the punctured wound is a typical breeding ground for the bug."

The tetanus spore, which is a sleeping germ, is in all soil. Any dog who eats from the ground possibly has these spores in his mouth.

The spore becomes active only in the absence of air. So, if tetanus spores were in the mouth of the dog that bit Ann, its sharp teeth would drive them into her arm.

"The puncture would then close over the damaged tissue and with the air shut off, the germ would grow and thrive."

"So, just in case, Ann," I told my small patient, "I'm going to give you this needle. It will hurt a bit, but your arm will get better where the bug got but you."

"All right," said Ann, simply.

I told Mrs. Lidcombe to

bathe the bitten area in peroxide, because peroxide gives off oxygen when it is applied, and this helps to hold up the spores' progress.

"You're a brave girl, Ann," I told her as she left with her mother. "But don't talk to any strange puppies, will you?"

"She's always loved any old dog," said her mother. "I like dogs and I've encouraged her to be friendly with them. But we'll be very cautious in future."

It is advisable for people living a long way from medical attention to be immunised against tetanus.

YOUNG Arthur Williams called to-night for a final check after a bout of flu.

"You sound all right," I said. "How do you feel?"

"I feel fine, doctor," he said, but he still sat opposite and looked a bit sheepish.

"What is it, Arthur? Do you want to tell me anything?"

"Yes, sir, I do," he said, "if

I'm not wasting your time . . ."

"Fire away," I told him.

"It's my girl-friend, Jean—she eats too much!"

"She's a heavyweight, is she?"

I asked.

"That's just it!" declared

Arthur, gaining confidence.

"And she doesn't care! She's

a pretty girl, but . . ." He

waved his hands in the air to

demonstrate her excessive

avouidupois.

"Have you told her?" I

asked.

"Lots of times, but she just

goes on eating rich food. She

says she is naturally fat, be-

cause her mother is fat and

her grandmother was fat. I

pointed out that her father

is not fat, but she said he

doesn't eat enough."

"She calmly informed me

that most famous people are

fat, anyway. She named G. K.

Chesterton, St. Thomas, and

Friar Tuck—she even men-

tioned King Farouk, but I

quickly told her there was too

much of him, particularly in

a swimsuit. Then I sulked for

a while, but it did no good."

"I'm sure it's not good for

her, is it, all this eating?"

"Overeating causes more

ills than under-eating, Arthur,

but when you're young you

can manage the most amazing

feats of digestion. This young

woman, apart from ruining

her figure, may be storing up

trouble for later years. Would

you like me to talk to her?"

"Gosh, that would be

fine," said the worried swain.

"Well, send her along and

I'll give her a nourishing,

non-fattening diet and a

course of tablets to take the

edge off her appetite. I'll do

my best to shake her vanity

and put the fear of food into

her."

All names are fictitious and

do not refer to any living per-

son. We regret that our doctor

cannot answer inquiries.

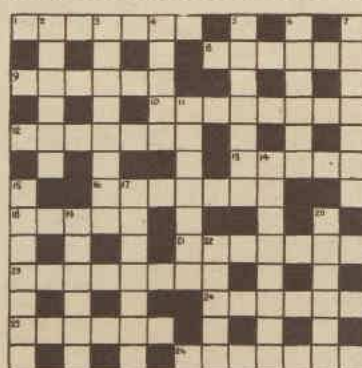


THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Young tree composed of the hard part of a tree and a fish (7).
4. Spine with the devil's liver (6).
6. Fact, yet it's a common name if you look on it from the right way (6).
11. Sample made of snow's pen (3).
12. Tannurine made mainly of wood slightly broken (7).
13. Duck's vehicle highly rated in Hollywood (3).
15. Clothing for rent with purposeful heart (7).
18. Good for eating, good for fighting with heart of a lad (5).
21. Terrestrial start with a broken heart (7).
23. Ant curse (Anagr. 8).
24. Peasant's son is a bully (8).
26. Inches turned into shallow recesses (6).
28. Examine minutely a same lay (7).

Solution will be published next week.



DOWN

2. High card with spasmodic contraction is pertaining to vinegar (6).
3. Insect which isn't a well bred woman nor a feathered vertebrate yet it is (4-4).
4. Norwegian inhabiting a manner selection (3).
5. Greek letter, not a big one (7).
8. A sailor and a Scot is a good starting point for an aeroplane (6).
7. The heroine of Beethoven's only opera (7).
11. Prick through a downright lie (7).
14. A last tie (Anagr. 8).
15. When sailors study five hundred run away secretly (7).
17. If a bottle contains such water there is a rat in the middle (7).
19. It can produce such medicinal tincture (6).
20. Be slow with these parts of the body (6).
22. Pale as domestic bird (5).



Solution to last week's crossword.

KOLYNOS TOOTHPASTE GIVES YOU MORE ACTIVE FULL STRENGTH CHLOROPHYLL!

FOR COMPLETE DENTAL PROTECTION



Make sure you buy **THIS** tube!

**Destroys Mouth Odours!
Tones Up Tender Gums!
Cuts Dental Decay!**

Just look at the colour of your Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll! See that deep, rich green? There's your proof that this magical toothpaste gives you the utmost benefits of chlorophyll... complete dental protection.

Add up these benefits!

When you change to Kolynos Toothpaste with active Chlorophyll your breath stays fresh, your whole mouth feels clean for hours. Mouth odours are instantly destroyed not just "covered up."

Gum troubles—combated! After the age of 30, most tooth losses are due to gum troubles. Tests on 1,755 patients using Chlorophyll tooth-

paste showed amazingly beneficial results.

More sparkle to your smile! Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll contains a special polishing agent.

Dental decay reduced amazingly! Kolynos Toothpaste with Chlorophyll fights dental decay in a new, safe way. Cavities, pain, loss of teeth can be reduced amazingly! So, today, buy your tube of this miracle Kolynos with Chlorophyll. Enjoy this completely new kind of dental care. Get more Chlorophyll protection—the KOLYNOS way.



Regular Kolynos still available everywhere

NAMCO

A HAPPY ENDING TO YOUR GIFT PROBLEMS

See what happens when NAMCO designers and engineers turn their talents to cooking utensils! Suddenly there's an exciting new collection of pressure cookers, pots, pans, kettles and griddle grills for you... quick-heating, fast-cooking utensils, twinkling as brightly as Christmas stars. See them now at your nearest hardware store.



NAMCO PRESSURE COOKERS

Recommended and used by world famous chefs. A size for every family—
"KITCHEN CRAFTER", 11 pint (illustrated); "CONJURER", 16 pint;
"MAGICIAN", 7 pint; "WIZARD", 7 pint; "COOKER-CANNER", 16 pint.



NAMCO GRIDDLE GRILL WITH EGG RINGS

Grills meat and eggs together. Turn it over and it fries and bakes. Fitted with cool, heat-resisting handle.

NAMCO SAUCEPANS

Note the knobs. They're recessed so that you can stack Namco saucepans as easily as dishes. Made from cast aluminium, with machined ground base, ideal for electric stoves. 2 pt., 3 pt., and 5 pt., available early December.



a glorious, new climax in kitchenware



NAMCO GRIDDLE GRILL

Grills, boils, bakes and fries in half normal time. Great for barbecues, picnics and camping, too.

NAMCO FRYING PAN

Another Namco time-saver! Made from heavy-gauge cast aluminium, with ground base and heat-resisting handle, washes in a minute. Two sizes, 9½" and 10½" diam.



NAMCO MIRACLE GRILLER

For connoisseurs of good grills. Grills in 5 minutes, and bastes as it grills. Special "dimpled" cover sends moisture back onto meat. Machined ground base for electric stoves.



NAMCO KETTLE

Machined ground base fits flat to stove top to gain maximum heat—especially on electric stoves. 4½ pints capacity.



Lasts a lifetime

Cleans in a wink

NAMCO

—CHOSEN BY SEVEN OUT OF TEN

PRODUCTS OF OVERSEAS CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED

Tempting recipes for savory summer meals

By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

These main-course luncheon and dinner dishes are ideal for tempting hot-weather appetites.

BY adding extras such as bread, sauces, potatoes, vegetables, macaroni, and spaghetti to high-cost food, such as meat and fish, bills go down and food value goes up.

All spoon measurements are level.

BRAISED KIDNEYS

One ox-kidney, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon fat, 2 chopped shallots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock, pinch herbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon.

BRAISED kidneys flavoured with bacon is an appetising meal in hot bread cases.

Wash kidney well, soak in salted water $\frac{1}{2}$ hour. Skin and chop. Roll in flour, salt, and pepper. Brown lightly in hot fat. Add chopped shallots, stock, herbs, salt, pepper, and bacon. Stir until boiling. Cover, and simmer gently until tender, or pressure cook 15 minutes. Fill into hot croustades and serve at once.

Croustades: Cut day-old bread into 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. squares $\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep. Hollow out, fry golden brown in deep fat or oil. Drain on kitchen paper.

SAUSAGES IN POTATO NESTS

Five or 6 medium-sized potatoes, butter or substitute, milk, salt, pepper, finely chopped onion, 5 or 6 thin sausages, 5 or 6 small pieces bacon.

Scrub and dry potatoes, prick with a fork. Bake in moderate oven until

quite tender. Cut a strip from top of each, scoop out pulp, and mash thoroughly. Cream with butter, salt, pepper, and a little milk. Flavor with chopped onion. Pile back into potato-cases. Press a lightly fried sausage into top of each. Place a strip of bacon on each sausage, return to moderate oven until bacon is cooked. Dust with paprika, serve hot.

STUFFED RED PEPPERS

Four or five red peppers, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 cups diced cold meat (or rabbit, chicken, or tinned luncheon meat), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon grated onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, salt and pepper to taste.

Wash peppers, simmer in boiling

water 5 to 10 minutes. Drain; cut a slice from the top of each and remove the seeds. Melt shortening, add flour, cook 2 to 3 minutes (do not allow to brown). Add milk, stir until boiling. Fold in meat, breadcrumbs, cheese, onion, salt, and pepper. Fill into prepared pepper-cases, place on greased tray. Reheat in moderate oven. Serve hot.

STUFFED BABY MARROWS

Six baby marrows, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar, 1 lb. topside or round steak, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce or tomato puree, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white bread-

crumbs browned in a little hot butter or substitute.

Wash marrows; do not peel or cut. Cook until tender in boiling salted water, approximately 10 minutes. Drain, cut across top of each and scoop out centre, reserving cut and scooped out portions for future use. Season lightly with vinegar or lemon juice. Mince steak, mix with breadcrumbs, onion, salt, parsley, and tomato sauce or puree. Stir over low heat until mixture changes color. Fill into marrows, sprinkle with browned crumbs, and reheat in hot oven for 10 minutes. Serve piping hot.

Note.—Marrow pulp (scooped from centres of marrows) is delicious in cheese sauce for a dinner entree or breakfast dish.



Save time—fuel—money! Serve

TODAY'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN!

**LIVELY
FLAVOUR!**

Taste that sweet flavour—alive
with the goodness of sun-
ripened corn! No other flavour
like it!



**deep-down-
GOODNESS**

Nutrition experts say one
plate of Kellogg's Corn
Flakes with milk and sugar, plus
fresh fruit and bread and butter (or
toast), gives you one third of your
daily food needs.

**24 Big Breakfasts
in every large packet!**

Compare the cost of one serving with
that of meat, eggs, fish, bacon, etc.
Only 30 seconds to serve—no grillers
or pans to wash. Saves fuel.

CF 52-7



Grocer Sam says:

Swift

HOT MEALS



ARE ALWAYS GOOD!

Swift Australian Company (Pty.) Limited
NATIONWIDE MANUFACTURERS AND DISTRIBUTORS OF FAMOUS FOOD PRODUCTS

Prize recipes

Two cakes, one of
which may double as
a sweet, and two
savory dishes win
prizes in this week's
recipe contest.

THE main prize-winning
recipe for honey ginger
cake calls for three eggs,
but makes a family-size
cake which keeps moist for
days. It requires only three
ounces of shortening, and
sugar is replaced by honey.

Veal Supreme, a consol-
ation prizewinner, is a pleasing
dish for table or buffet. If
required for buffet service
turn it, when cooked, into a
casserole, top with bread-
crumbs and knobs of shorten-
ing, reheat and brown in oven.

HONEY AND GINGER CAKE

Three cups (12oz.) plain
flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate
soda, 2 teaspoons cream of
tartar, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon
ground ginger or 2oz. chopped
preserved ginger, 3oz. butter
or substitute, 2oz. peel, 6oz.
raisins or sultanas, 2 medium-
sized bananas, 3 eggs, 4 table-
spoons honey, 1 cup milk.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in
butter. Add chopped peel,
raisins, and mashed bananas;
mix well. Fold in eggs beaten
with honey and milk. Turn
into greased 8½in. tin, bake
in moderate oven 1 to 1½ hours.
Ice when cold.

Spicy Icing: Cream 2oz.
butter or substitute with 4oz.
icing sugar, 2 teaspoons
orange juice and 1 teaspoon
each of cinnamon, nutmeg, and
ginger. Decorate with chopped
ginger or nuts, or leave plain.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A.
B. Shaw, Balerang St., Staf-
ford, Qld.

ONION SAVORY

Two large onions, 4 slices
bread, shortening, salt, pepper,
2 or 3 tomatoes, 1 egg, 1 cup
milk, 1 rasher bacon (op-
tional), pinch cinnamon and
nutmeg.

Peel and slice onions, spread
bread with shortening, season
with salt and pepper. Place
a layer of bread in greased pie-
dish, cover thickly with onion
slices and chopped bacon (if
used). Add a layer of sliced,
skinned tomatoes, then more
bread, and finish with balance
of onions. Beat egg with milk,
pour over onions. Sprinkle
with cinnamon and nutmeg,
dot with shortening. Bake in
a moderate oven 30 to 40 min-
utes, until onions are tender
and top lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of £1 to
Mrs. J. Leslie, Opey Ave.,
Unley, S.A.

FRUIT SALAD CAKE

Three ounces butter or sub-
stitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs,
1 cup milk, 1½ cups (6oz.)
self-raising flour, vanilla, 1
teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1
cup fruit salad.

Glazing for top: 1 cup water,
1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2
tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon
gelatine.

Cream butter with sugar,
vanilla, and lemon rind. Add
eggs one at a time, beating
well. Fold in sifted flour alter-

nately with milk. Fill into
greased 8in. recess tin, bake in
moderate oven 30 to 40 min-
utes. Prepare glazing. Soak
gelatine in lemon juice. Bring
sugar and water to boiling
point, stirring until sugar dis-
solves. Add gelatine, allow
to cool. Arrange fruit in rec-
cess of cooled sponge. When
glaze is beginning to thicken
spoon over fruit. Chill and
set. Decorate with cream or
substitute.

Consolation Prize of £1 to
Mrs. L. Pollard, 36 Dennison
St., West Tamworth, N.S.W.

VEAL SUPREME

Two pounds fillet of veal,
2oz. shortening, 4 tablespoons
flour, 1 pint milk, 1 green
pepper, salt and pepper to
taste, 1 cup sherry (optional).

Cut veal into small cubes,
remove skin and gristle. Melt
shortening, add veal, cover
and cook steadily 25 minutes.
Stir in flour, cook 2 or 3 min-
utes longer. Add milk, con-
tinue stirring until boiling.
Season with salt and pepper,
diced parboiled green pepper,
and sherry. Serve with Melba
toast.

Consolation Prize of £1 to
Mrs. J. Roberts, 9 Normandy
Rd., Caulfield, Vic.

CHERRY JELLY (See pho-
tograph at top of page). Wash
3½lb. cherries. Place in preserv-
ing pan with water to cover,
cook until tender. Strain
through coarse flannel, mea-
sure juice, and to each cup
of juice allow 1 cup heated
sugar and juice of 1 large
lemon. Cook quickly until
it "jells."

Layette patterns

A COMPLETE set of pat-
terns for a layette, with
directions for cutting and
making, is a practical gift for
a mother-to-be.

A 12-piece set, designed by
Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A.,
our Mothercraft Nurse, in-
cludes two dresses, two night-
gowns, a carrying-coat, petti-
coat, matinee jacket, under-
shirt, flannel pitchers, bonnet,
booties, bib, and mittens.

It can be had from The
Australian Women's Weekly
Mothercraft Service Bureau,
Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, for
3/6, postage free.



CHERRY JAM OR JELLY, made when the fruit is first in
season, is delicious, but must be carefully made because
cherries lack pectin and acid, both necessary for "jelling."

LABORATORY
TESTS PROVE—

EGGS

are the perfect
all-round food!



Out and about again!

JOINT PAINS

so much better now!

MANY people agree that, but
for De Witt's Pills, they might
still be tied to the house by joint
pains. But De Witt's Pills have
saved them from that. They have found the
blessed relief that so
often comes to those
who turn to this
tried and trusted
family medicine.

You, too, should
know that aches and
twinges in the joints are
often caused when slug-
gish kidney action allows
harmful impurities to ac-
cumulate in the system.
As a good diuretic, De
Witt's Pills act promptly
to stimulate sluggish
kidneys back to normal activity so that
waste matter is properly expelled from the
system. So ask your chemist for a bottle of
De Witt's Pills without delay, and don't be
content with just a little relief—use them
long enough to get the fullest possible benefit.

De Witt's Pills

Made specially to relieve Rheumatic Pains, Backache,
Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/6 and 6/6.



Take it easy, Mummy! You're almost there!



Let **HOOVER** make life easier for you!

HOOVER WASHING MACHINE



It's the best — costs so much less — gives quicker, cleaner washes!

ONLY **£53/5/-**

Washes everything from sheets to socks, all the week's washing for a big family. Cuts out soaking, rubbing, boiling. Washes whites in 4 minutes, silks, woolies in one. Washes cleaner than you can by hand. Washes gently. The exclusive Hoover pulsator doesn't yank, stretch or pull.

HOOVER FLOOR POLISHER



Scrubs
Polishes
Bufts

£30/12/-

scrubbing brushes
£1/14/6 extra

Floors • Furniture • Cars

Soft, twin contra-action brushes, rotating in opposite directions for a harder, longer-lasting finish! Snap-on lambswool pads for a super-gloss finish! Built-in headlight to draw attention to unpolished spots. Detach the handle, and it's ready to go to work on the furniture or the car.

HOOVER

The World's Best Cleaner
It beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans!

Exclusive Positive Agitator to dislodge scissor-sharp grit. Broad Dirt finder to throw light into dark corners. Handy cleaning tools save stooping and stretching.

MODEL '412'
£35/13/-

Cleaning Tools
£4/10/0 extra



Model '419'
£27/12/3
Cleaning Tools
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Model '402'
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£11/3/6
"complete-in-itself"



LUX
Gives a longer life to all fine washables

So SAFE
You'll want to use it always!

For COLOURS that Bloom in the Spring
Lux care keeps cotton prints spring-time bright three times as long. Strong soaps and harsh washing methods like bar soap rubbing soon shorten their life. Gentle Lux care keeps them safe.



For Nylons, **UNDIES** a longer lease of life
A daily dip in creamy Lux nylons means double the wear for stockings. Tests prove it! And safe Lux care whisks away damaging perspiration from delicate undies, keeps them fresh, dainty.

Penny Wise for **DISHES**
With Lux you can do all the dishes for as little as a penny a day. Gentle Lux keeps hands soft, smooth, even after the biggest wash-up.

A LITTLE LUX DOES SUCH A LOT



a **THRILLING SURPRISE** to give or get!

Hawkins
UNIVERSAL ELECTRIC IRON

The new feather-weight, streamlined iron with automatic heat-control fabric dial.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

Make this pretty skirt and stole



FLOWING SKIRT, with matching V-shaped stole, fringed for charm, is an easy-to-make for any girl.

YOU can make this summery skirt and stole from a few yards of cotton. No pattern is needed.

Materials: 2½ yds. printed cotton or rayon 36in. wide; 1 yd. fringe; 3 hooks and eyes and a slide fastener 7in. long.

To Cut: Cut 1 strip 71in. by 36in. for skirt; cut 2 strips 18in. by 36in. for stole; cut 1 strip 5½in. wide and waist measurement in length plus 2in. for waistband.

To Make the Skirt (half-inch seams are allowed all round): Fold the skirt section in half widthwise and stitch down the 36in. edge, leaving an opening of 7½in. at one end. Press seam open and insert fastener in opening.

Fold waistband in half lengthwise, right sides together, and stitch short ends; trim seam allowance, turn to right side and press.

Divide, fold, and pin top edge of skirt in equal and evenly spaced knife-pleats, approximately 10 pleats, each 1in. wide.

Pin one long edge of waistband to top edge of skirt, with right sides together and waistband extending 1in. for an overlap, and stitch; turn in opposite long edge of waistband and slip-stitch to stitching line on wrong side. Sew on 3 hooks and eyes at waistband ends.

Turn up hem to length desired.

To Make Stole: Pin the two stole sections, right sides together; from one corner measure along one edge for 5in., mark, baste seam in a straight line from this mark to opposite corner at the same end; stitch seam. Trim and press seam flat. This forms a wide V-shape at the centre back. Finish with a narrow hem all round outside raw edges. Cut fringe in two and sew one piece across each end of stole.

Bag set

THIS handbag set, made in simple crochet, is useful and inexpensive.

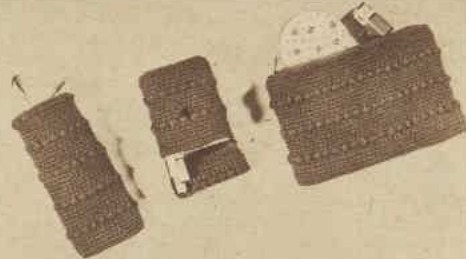
Materials: 2 loz. skeins Patons "Beehive" fingering Patonised, 4-ply; Kuller-skeme crochet hook No. 12; 1 4in. zipper for cosmetic bag; 2 press studs.

Tension: 5 sts. to lin.; 14 rows to 2in.

Pattern: Rows 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6—1 d.c. in each st. around.

7th Row: * Wool over hook, insert hook in next st. and draw up a loop, ** wool over hook, insert hook in same st. and draw up a loop, rep. from ** once. (7 loops on hook), wool over hook, draw through all loops, finish with a d.c. 1 d.c. in next st. rep. from * around. Rep. these 7 rounds for patt.

Cosmetic Bag: Ch. 44 sts. Work 42 d.c. across top of ch. and 42 d.c. across other side of ch. (84 d.c.). Change to patt., work until piece measures 4in. from commencement.



CROCHETED cosmetic bag, cigarette case, and spectacle case, all in sizes which can be carried easily in a handbag, are practical Christmas gifts.

Break off wool. Fasten off. Sew in the zipper at top.

Cigarette Case: Ch. 17 sts. Work 16 sts. in d.c. across ch. Work 1 d.c. for 6 more rounds. Place a marker on work. Next round, work around this piece as follows:

Work 7 d.c. along side edge, work 14 d.c. work 7 d.c. along other side. Work 14 d.c. (42 sts. in all). Change to patt. and cont. working around on the 42 sts. until case measures 3in. from commencement of patt. Flap: Work 1 st. turn,

work back in patt. across 16 sts. Cont. working backwards and forwards in patt. on 16 sts. for 2½in. Break off wool. Work 1 d.c. around flap, working 3 d.c. in 1 st. at corners. Sew press stud in place.

Eye-glass Case: Ch. 21 sts. Work 19 d.c. across top of ch. and 19 d.c. across other side of ch. (38 d.c.). Change to patt. and work around until case measures 5½in. from commencement. Break off wool. Fasten off. Sew press stud in place at top.



USEFUL Christmas gift for the traveller, this attractive quilted chintz cover, lined with taffeta, has four pockets for stockings and a larger one for gloves. Directions are below.

FOR the quilted chintz cover, pictured above, you need ½ yard of chintz, ¾ yard of taffeta, and ½ yard of cotton wadding.

To make: Cut chintz into 21in. x 14in. piece, place over wadding and quilt diagonally at 1in. intervals. Cut

the taffeta lining the same size as the chintz and cut three pieces in taffeta, 14in. x 12in. for pockets.

Fold pocket pieces in half lengthwise and place in position on the lining one above the other. Stitch through centre of two top pockets to form four compartments.

Cut and join strips of chintz on the bias, 1in. wide, to make a piping and stitch on to edge of quilted chintz. Place lining and chintz right sides together and stitch around three sides. Turn right side out and slip-stitch open edges together. Make roulet tie 1 yd. long and sew to centre of top end.

Nurse says they're good



and children **LOVE** them!

Any child will swallow chocolate LAXETTES without a struggle! No other laxative is easier to take—or easier on the system.

Laxettes contain phenolphthalein, the wonderful tasteless medicine that gives a soft, easy motion—can't overdose—can't form a habit.

Economical, too; only 2/6 a box, from chemists and stores. Get a box today.

LAXETTES
the chocolate laxative

You can rest content



that **NILE**
Erin-Art
SHEETS

AND PILLOWCASES
are the finest you can buy!

Erin Art sheets, manufactured from famous Swiss English sheeting, are either hot-attached or seamed. The pillowcases are hemstitched, embroidered or in plain housewife style. All are reasonably priced and retain their colour and whiteness after many launderings.

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FOR COOL, CRISP Protein-Rich

nourishing
SALADS...



"Kraft Cheddar is actually richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein", says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.



"CHEESE SALAD BOWL" for all the family!

Lettuce 8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar
3 tomatoes 1 small diced onion
1 cucumber, sliced Chopped celery
1 beetroot, sliced 6 small radishes

Arrange all ingredients in salad bowl, lined with lettuce leaves—as illustrated. Fill centre with Kraft Cheddar, cut into fingers.

Kraft Cheddar is the perfect salad cheese... every slice has that true

cheddar flavour. And Kraft Cheddar gives you additional food values you won't find in meat! Every delicious mouthful is loaded with the essential vitamins A, B₂ and D, plus calories and the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates. What a bargain in nutrition! Sold everywhere in the blue 8 oz. packet or economical 5 lb. loaf. Processed and pasteurized for purity. No rind—no waste.



LUNCH GRILL! Slice some Kraft Cheddar on to toast—pop it under the grill—and sit down to a delicious, satisfying lunch, rich in nourishing protein.

KRAFT CHEDDAR

FOR HIGH-PROTEIN AND LOW-COST MEALS!

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are victims of memory-destroying water.
LORO: Ruler of Lethe, rescues
PRINCESS NARDA: Whom he intends to marry. Narda substitutes salt for the powder

Loro puts in Lethe's water supply. But nothing happens, and Narda prepares to marry Loro. The powder effect wears off just in time, and the people of Lethe punish Loro. Mandrake and his friends return to the Argos. NOW READ ON:



PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Famous lawyer Perry Mason is consulted by scientist Dr. Early, owner of Xperiments Inc., when blueprints of his invention are stolen. The thief, Roy Adger, continues his scheme to frame Sally Dale by helping her escape in his car to a country shack. Adger then phones Mason to report the car's disappearance. Meanwhile, Paul Drake finds some old plans (planted by Adger) in Sally's flat.



The ONLY COMPLETELY EFFECTIVE INSECT SPRAY IN AUSTRALIA WHICH DOES NOT STAIN



Any insect spray which contains D.D.T. will leave a white deposit on clothes, curtains, carpets and all room surfaces.

Another point: Doctors and Health authorities have declared that D.D.T. insect sprays should not be used near food or where excessive skin contact is likely.

There is no D.D.T. in Mortein.

Mortein knocks down and kills flies and all insect pests with amazing speed and certainty because it contains the most powerful (yet safest) insecticidal ingredients in the world. Mortein contains Pyrethrum activated with Piperonyl Butoxide.

Mortein (without D.D.T.) is the ONE completely effective, non-poisonous, non-staining insect spray.



Mortein plus

FATAL TO FLIES - HARMLESS TO HUMANS
NON-STAINING • NON-POISONOUS

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Your Favourite laxative

NOW IN TWO FORMS

Today, more than ever, NYAL FIGSEN is the ideal family laxative. FIGSEN now comes in two forms - Figsen Regular (Australia's favourite family laxative), and Figsen Double Strength for those who prefer a slightly more positive laxative action. Figsen Regular, packed in a tin, is equally suitable for children or adults. It is mild, pleasant-tasting and gentle-acting.

Nyal Figsen Double Strength is specially formulated for adults. Like Figsen Regular it acts promptly, but gently, without pain or griping, to restore normal bowel action. The formula of this natural-acting laxative is plainly printed on the package - that's why your chemist can recommend NYAL FIGSEN with confidence.

NYAL FIGSEN

REGULAR 2/3 • DOUBLE STRENGTH 3/6



NYAL Medicines are manufactured in these ultra-modern laboratories under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists and afterwards standardised by competent chemists. Only the highest quality ingredients obtainable enter into the composition of NYAL Medicines.



NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE

NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE is a proven effective, dependable medicine which acts three ways in "breaking" stubborn coughs. The medication penetrates into congested bronchial tubes - cuts phlegm, making breathing easier... soothes inflamed membranes of the throat and chest... brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. Two sizes: 3/9, 6/3.



NYAL BABY POWDER

Here's a beautifully fine powder, designed to bring soothing, cooling comfort for baby's super-sensitive skin. NYAL BABY POWDER contains an ingredient which actually resists moisture and thereby lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin. Delicately perfumed. Two sizes: Regular, 2/3; Economy, 4/3.



Sold only by Chemists

NYAL



DECONGESTANT EYE DROPS

Contain a remarkable new decongestant known as Phenylephrine. Rapidly clear blood-shot eyes and relieve burning, itching and smarting. The drops spread evenly; will not blink out of the eyes. Packed in special handy dropper. 4/9.



NYAL ANTACID POWDER

Brings quick relief from the pain and distress of indigestion. It contains an ingredient which will, in 10 minutes, digest 200 times its own weight in starch. NYAL ANTACID POWDER helps digest starchy foods. 3/6.



NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA

For babies, a teaspoon of dependable NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA after each feeding prevents "wind" and helps to ensure regular habits. In addition to being a corrective of minor stomach upsets, NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA helps digestion and corrects "sour stomach." Two sizes: 6 oz., 2/4; 12 oz., 3/11.



NYAL VITAMIN & MINERAL TONIC

If you feel run down or nervy, the chances are you need a good tonic. NYAL VITAMIN & MINERAL TONIC is valuable for all nervous and anemic conditions. It is a balanced formula of B Complex Vitamins and essential minerals. Builds strength, improves appetite. 8 oz., 6/-; 16 oz., 11/-.